

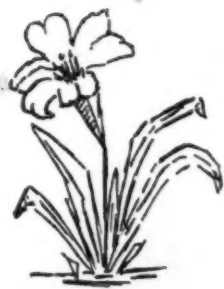


THE GRAIL

MAY
1940



THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN



VOCATION NUMBER

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Volume 22, No. 1

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THE GRAIL

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Our Duty in Vocational Guidance

Donald Hadden

OUR EDUCATIONAL system seems to be passing through a period of transition. In former years, the scope of training given outside the home and the Church was quite limited. Most students were given a background in the fundamentals of the three "R's" and pronounced educated. A few students took more advanced work in order to prepare themselves to enter academic institutions which gave them training to work in the fields of the learned professions: medicine, law, letters, and divinity. As our civilization becomes progressively more complex, we find that a great majority of our people need far more learning than the mere equipment necessary to combat actual illiteracy. Likewise, we see little room in the so-called learned professions for all the people who are anxious and capable to prepare themselves for specialized work through the medium of specialized training. As our country has changed from an almost wholly agricultural nation to one in which industrial life is prominent and the agriculture which remains no longer finds the family a single functioning social unit, we have realized even more fully the need for preparing our young people to compete successfully against their present day problems.

We readily realize that vocational guidance, among all the fields wherein one may offer service toward the assistance of his fellow men, has enjoyed an absolute minimum of attention. Why have we been lax in such an important matter? One primary cause is that there has been no authoritative allocation of these functions to any previously established agency which is implemented to operate effectively toward giving leadership in this field. Each of us is completely willing for someone else to do the work. We are even sufficiently interested to give generously of our time to hear the ideas of others. Each of us admits that it is to the shame of our general educational program that so little efficient work of this type is being done. It is everywhere confessed that something must be done immediately.

No one feels completely competent to set forth a set of instructions to be followed by all children in selecting a field for vocational training. In the

past there were similar situations; our histories are filled with them. Then it was found that the best method was to employ the initiative of some individual to organize a group of people who might have talents to contribute; the outcome of such concerted effort has frequently been of immense value to men and to nations. The professional pedagogue too often feels that vocational guidance is a matter for those outside the realm of purely formal education. The child's parents may feel unprepared to advise him. His pastor may feel out of touch with the world of commerce. If none of these sources is open for help, where is the child to turn? Until the coming of a strong-voiced professional expert in the field of vocational guidance, we humbly suggest that a conference group made up of the child, his parents, his teachers, his pastor, a trained social service worker, and a psychologist offers the best presently possible solution.

Before we begin the more technical task of dividing the functions of such a conference group in order to determine how it may work with most effectiveness, let us define our own province as interested individuals. When we read that our forefathers were zealous in their ambition to spread the influence of Christian living, we are inclined, perhaps, to reflect contentedly on what vastness of inherent good we must possess. Yet, when we read further that many a luckless and reluctant nomad lost his head to one of our zealous ancestors who shouted "Kyrie Eleison" as he swung his battle-ax, we ponder concerning this "Christian" persuasiveness. Certainly such guidance is not for us. Now we see it as both ineffective and un-Christian. We must exercise great caution that we encourage a well considered *free will* selection. The superimposition of our own ambitions and sentiments will be an almost perfect guarantee of failure.

The choice of one's lifetime work is, of course, a matter to be decided only after careful and exhaustive consideration of the many factors involved. The possibilities for error are multiple; the chances for success limited only by the presence or absence of intelligent effort in planning. The selection of the type of work for which one is to

prepare himself must be based on an understanding, first, of those things which are always to be the fundamentals which can contribute most toward making this isolated individual into a personality, successful and useful, a participating member of society.

On perfunctory examination we find that "successful and useful" lives are organized about three distinct but inseparable concepts: the abilities to be self-supporting, self-respecting, happy. We see immediately that these categories are not mutually exclusive and that the presence, or absence, of one either demands or implies the presence, or absence, of the others. For, if a man is not self-supporting, it is especially difficult for him to be self-respecting, and happiness disappears; if he is not self-respecting, no amount of economic security can render him happy; and if he has been confronted with one of life's occasional but very real misfortunes, neither his financial reserves nor his moral resources offer him more than cold comfort. While in vocational guidance we are giving foremost interest to adjusting the first of these vital problems, we may be sure that neglect of the other two can bring an imbalance which might defeat our faithful efforts and sincere intentions.

About the time a child is ready to enter secondary school, he should be ready to start thinking about what vocational selection he is going to make. In the next two or three years he should receive generalized training in background preparation for his lifetime work. Since even background training must have a goal if it is to be of value, it is probable that the child should decide early in his course whether he is to plan for industrial or academic work.

At this time, the child is sufficiently developed mentally and physically that some determinations can be made about his future career. First, he must be in good health. This condition granted, he is then ready to visit the psychologist. Here we may get a useful estimate of his attitudes and aptitudes, his intelligence and skills, even many diverse ones including the manual, mechanical, and musical. Here there can be a study of his interests, his preferences and repulsions. Once this information has been obtained, the psychologist is ready to meet with our hypothetical conference group. What can each of these persons contribute to a successful analysis of the child's situation and his plans?

The child is the working center of the planning group and its activities and must serve as referee. Whatever conclusions are reached are going to have an important effect on his future. It is likely

that his interests will follow his aptitudes; and unless there is clear evidence that his greatest abilities are ignored by his field of attention, the child's voice should be heard above all others. His judgment must be respected. If the problems of his past life have been given the careful consideration we suggest for the choice of his vocational training interests, he will have a sense of proportion which will be of genuine value in the matter.

Experience is a commodity of general distribution but little retail value. Many of us, as parents, desire to pass on to our children the profit of our own successes and failures. Yet we must realize that we are unable to transport our selves into the lives of our children. The greatest virtue of our experience to them is the training we may give them in the correct manner to digest their own experiences. Also, functioning as parents in the guidance situation, we have one other asset which is priceless—an understanding of the child in his relationships to the family life. In every family there is a "way" of living, an idiom of responses—likes and dislikes, which, perhaps, the parents understand better than the child. Thus they may teach him an awareness of his own specific habits, his own responses to the strong and weak factors in his home. Of course, the job of parenthood is a continuing one, and no isolated function is a true measure of its success; however, if the parents can give their child a sense of self-knowledge and self-possession at this time, they are exerting their best influence toward a wise vocational selection.

Since the shift in emphasis educationally placed on vocational adjustment, the average school has done little to justify itself as a guide. True, the teachers do spend less time teaching advanced Latin, but most of the time so gained has, to the present, been put to no serviceable end. More broadminded instructors realize a responsibility toward developing curricula adaptable to the needs of the student interested in other than purely academic studies. A socialized approach to the subjects of history and geography can certainly be of great use to the student preparing himself in vocational techniques. Actual courses in trade training are still infrequent as parts of the high school program, but we may hope for more assistance in this field in the future.

Individually considered, students will demonstrate various abilities which the experienced teacher can evaluate. In our conference group the teacher may well employ these talents to the aid of the child. His knowledge of the outlook for the individual student should bear some weight in making a choice.

The place of the pastor in such a conference committee is of real importance. He is perhaps the best person to give the boy or girl guidance in the vital matter of the concept of a job. There is a long felt necessity for this type of thinking among all people. And so far as we are able to discover, the Church has done the best job of instilling this understanding in its people. There is a psychological satisfaction in a job well done that gives a mental comfort not found in any other type of activity. In the pastor we see an excellent example of the fineness to which this feeling can be developed. Deprived often of life's luxuries, he may forsake even its comforts in order that he may know the genuine pleasure of a job well done. His work in behalf of the things in which he has great faith makes his life a happy one. Certainly such a man has a philosophy which can be utilized by everyone.

The calling of a social worker and a psychologist into a conference of this type may seem unusual to the person to whom it is a new suggestion. Too frequently these professions are considered applicable only when there are definite symptoms of maladjustment. It is the fervent hope of people in these professions that more and more of their cases will be of a nature which enables them to work toward the prevention of a maladjustment not yet evident. The social worker is often familiar with conditions in the community which present the best and poorest opportunities for vocational

exploration. This person, too, has help to offer the child.

In retrospect it is acknowledged that the proposed plan for itemizing the problems of vocational selection and subsequently obtaining the services of people equipped to understand the various situations is not easily carried through. All of the services suggested are not everywhere available. However, if each of us will apply the same effort he would contribute to the conference group, even an incomplete group would be able to contribute much which is now lacking.

With justice it may be said that such a program as we have outlined is more pertinent to the problems of boys than those of girls. Of all the jobs that a woman may select for herself, none has the opportunity for "useful and successful" living that is offered by homemaking. Before a girl goes into vocational training deeply, she should assure herself that she is not fit to rear a family or create a home. We certainly do not wish to imply that other types of work are not acceptable and necessary; but, while a boy's problem is "which vocation?" a girl's problem is "a vocation or not?"

There is much room for growth in the field of vocational guidance, and all thinking people should consider their chances to give functioning help based on their learning and experience. With such a generalized effort great things can be done toward eradicating social, economic, and psychological unhappiness from our lives.

Youth and Careers

Walter Hoving

(From the *New York Times Magazine*, March 31, 1940)

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THE YOUNG man or woman planning a career should begin to point toward it in high school or even earlier. He should learn which fields interest him, which he seems to be fitted for, which will call for capacities he seems to have. He can develop his talents along those lines, and if his interests shift he can change his goal. But he should be pointing toward something, talking about it, reading about it, working at it in his spare time, if possible. Then he will come out of school with some understanding of what he wants to do, what he can do, and why he thinks as he does. He will be ready to start a career.

"If he has gone through school without this preparation, he can at least take stock of himself now

and make an intelligent appraisal of what he has to offer. That really is the first step in his program, as any business man can tell him. After that he can make a more intelligent attempt to sell himself. And once he has a job it will be up to him to go on from there. But he won't get a job until he has some idea of what job he wants and can fill and is able to sell himself to somebody. Business is willing to be sold

"The real youth problem is among those who don't know where they are going, don't know how to get there, and don't even realize that they don't know. It will begin to solve itself when they begin to understand what they have to offer rather than what they have to ask of our economic system."



Women Dream of Veils

Mary Ann James

THE WORLD has conspired to make veils the stuff of women's dreams.

As little girls we stand before a mirror on the wall and discover how indescribably lovely a veil can make us seem. Whatever the occasion; flower girl, First Holy Communion, Confirmation, or May Queen, there has come to us a certain new and joyous dignity just because a white veil lies soft upon our hair.

So begins our dreams of veils.

When we are bigger girls we peer into the mirror of our hearts and there reflected is ourselves in veils. Radiant brides smile back at some of us; the confident, exultant smile of a woman become a wife.

"Oh Blessed Mother of God," plead those of us whose heart's desire is a shimmering bridal veil, "Mother Mary, ask your Son that we may someday wear a wedding veil."

But even as we look at that shining stuff that

is the substance of our dream, we grow cold in sudden fear.

"Oh Mother of God," we further pray, "help us to walk through all our lives, if it is not your Son's wish that we wear wedding veils."

Only time will bring the answer to the petition that we whisper.

* * *

Then there are those of us, who gaze into calm deep depths of heart to recognize the serene face of a nun as that we want our own to be.

"Oh Mother of God, may He grant us the privilege of His bridal veil."

Then there comes the question, crying out from inner terror. "Oh Mary, what shall we do, if His Will is not that we know shelter beneath the folds of a religious veil?"

Yes, all women dream of veils. But somehow, some why,

Life has not woven veils enough for all the girls that live on earth.

At last there comes the time when the chosen



ones of us give vows as price of veils. Kneeling before the altar and the Host our word of honor declares, "till death do us part" or "poverty, chastity and obedience" as our lot. Then we step into each niche that God has made for those who must now justify the veils upon their heads.

* * * * *

There are still the rest of us who also have dreamed of veils.

We see lighted lamps in homes at dusk, and hear children laugh and sing. We see quiet figures kneeling before sanctuary glows and listen to the soothing chant of community voices deep in prayer.

Outside the homes; outside the convent gates, there is now need that we recall the after-thought of prayer our wondering girl hearts made.

"Help us Mary, Mother Mary, for our names were not on the tags of veils and dreams."

From the wisdom in our hearts there look back at us wise eyes, clear eyes, brave eyes—eyes that look straight at truth in spite of dreams.

And we know then that Mother Mary has heard every prayer of those who dream of veils.



Editor's Note

In *THE GRAIL* of last June, under the caption "Give and Take," there appeared a criticism of the May issue on the omission of an article devoted to those loyal and sacrificing Catholic men and women, who either by choice or by force of circumstances spend their lives in the single state, yet not as members of any Religious Order or Congregation. The article carried on the opposite page was inspired by that criticism.

Too often, indeed, the loneliness and the sacrifices of the single state are overlooked by those who refer contemptuously to "the old maids" and "the stags." There is nothing contemptuous in bachelorhood or maidenhood, and when that status is accepted out of fidelity to one's duty to parents or other family members, it becomes heroic. "Women Dream of Veils" leaves the veil of Mary's protection and special affection for those who forego the veil of matrimony and the veil of religious profession for her sweet mantle. With that writer we bow respectfully to those self-sacrificing persons "who help out in the homes where husbands and wives so often are unable to supply the modern needs of their children; who care for the old, the infirm, the invalids, so that others may follow that call they believe they hear in their hearts to the life of religion. . . . The average husbands and wives are unable financially to do much, since economic conditions compel them to use their meager means for the care of their children; the religious have nothing to contribute in a monetary way. The burden therefore falls on the unmarried man and woman."

Warm and safe in home and convent go those whose veils the world has seen, but warm and safe we walk Life's road, with the blue shelter of Mary's mantle on our hair.

No man planning a new house would build a wall to separate himself from his wife... yet every mixed marriage separates husband and wife with a wall not of plaster and wood, but of misunderstanding and dissonance of faith.

By Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

Will You Build a Wall in Your Home?

IT IS NOT the beauty of the bride, nor the richness of her retinue, nor the organ music swelling triumphantly as the bridal party moves gracefully toward the altar that makes a Catholic marriage a charming memory. It is rather the presence of Christ the Lord Who worked His first miracle to honor a bridal couple at the marriage of Cana of Galilee.

The whole bridal party are dined with the Christ Himself: As man and wife turn, after the final blessing, and march back down the aisle, they carry with them Christ's presence into a cold world. Coming home after the day's festivities this happy couple are consoled by the surety that Christ will have first place in their conjugal life: that the Guest of Cana will be a weekly visitor to both their hearts on Sunday mornings. Jesus is an Intimate of both their hearts, and in His love their own human love is fostered. They have received a Great Sacrament, and back they go to the difficult task of living together, helped by the special graces of Matrimony. Here you have a picture of Catholic marriage filled with the presence of Christ the Lord.

Let us look now on a less pleasant picture, the marriage which excludes the presence of Christ... the marriage between a Non-Catholic and a Catholic. Here Christ cannot come, for He is not invited. Here the priest in his black cassock assists at the cold, brief ceremony with a heavy heart. Here he is only a magistrate fulfilling the law. Here in the office of the rectory, or in the private home, however flower-bedecked they may be, there is no comforting assurance of Christ's presence. The priest tries to be gay on this marriage day of a child of the Church, but in his heart he cannot be. He feels the presence of the Catholic Church's dis-

approval and reluctance, which like somber shadows cloud the gayety of the occasion.

The Catholic Church is one of the oldest and wisest Mothers in the world, who, when she makes a law respecting mixed marriage, does so for excellent reasons. When the Church makes her laws she uses no flowery language: the laws are expressed in simple unadorned style: however, when in the course of the codex on Canon Law the Church comes to the law forbidding marriage between Catholics and Non-Catholics, she uses strangely eloquent words full of alarm and disapproval: I quote the law itself: "*The Church forbids most severely and in all countries marriage between a Catholic and a heretic, or schismatic. If there is danger of perversion for the Catholic party and offspring, such marriage is also forbidden by the Divine law.*" Canon 1060.

In fairness to the Non-Catholic who may read this article it should be said that this plainly severe law of the Catholic Church is in no sense of the word directed against the Non-Catholic: It is not to be construed as a piece of intolerance and bigotry. As a matter of fact, the Church has only love and compassion for the Non-Catholic, is interested in him, and wishes him blessing and happiness.

The subject of this severe law is the Catholic man or woman, whose faith may be dim, whose fervor is cooled, and who cannot be expected to keep the faith either for himself or for his children, unless he is united in marriage with a Catholic mate.

If the law is so severe, why does the Church allow mixed marriages at all? Since some of her children cannot be persuaded that a mixed marriage is perilous to the faith, or have convinced themselves

that they are strong enough to over-ride the danger, the Church sometimes allows the mixed marriage to take place in order to avoid the greater evil of a civil marriage and apostasy. The Church, as a Mother, has also in mind those of her children who live in a community where it is next to impossible to choose and marry a Catholic partner in marriage. But even when the Catholic Church allows a mixed marriage, she lays down certain conditions to safeguard and protect the faith of the weak Catholic and the children of such a union. These conditions concern the Non-Catholic party in the following way.

Before a dispensation from the law forbidding mixed marriage can be obtained, the Non-Catholic and the Catholic must present themselves at the Catholic rectory for a course of instructions on Matrimony and the Catholic Faith. The purpose of these instructions is not to make a convert of the Non-Catholic, but to give him a better understanding of the religion of the Catholic party and the children born to both of them. After these instructions the Non-Catholic can sign the required promises with more intelligence and sympathy.

In the diocese of Indianapolis the promises before mixed marriage are expressed in the following form: I, the undersigned Non-Catholic, desiring to contract marriage with the Catholic party named in this application, before a Catholic priest, duly authorized by special dispensation from the Bishop of Indianapolis, hereby promise in the presence of the undersigned witnesses:

1. That I regard this marriage as binding for all time.
2. That all children of either sex born of this marriage shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic religion.
3. That I will neither hinder nor obstruct in any manner whatsoever the Catholic party in the exercise of the Catholic religion.
4. That in the solemnization of my marriage there shall be only the Catholic ceremony.

Signature of Non-Catholic -----
 Signature of priest -----
 Signature of witness -----

The Catholic party must also sign to the second and fourth promise. Finally the priest who assists at the ceremony must sign the application, stating whether he has given the required instructions, and whether he is morally sure that the promises will be kept.

It seems that the course of instructions and the promises take away the moral freedom of the Non-Catholic. It all seems quite in keeping with the alleged intolerance of the Catholic Church. Per-

haps a simple example may explain the position of the Non-Catholic who seeks to marry a Catholic.

A prudent Mother allows her eighteen year old daughter to have dates with boys provided they bring her home by eleven-thirty and not later. If a boy dates this girl he cannot say that the Mother destroys his freedom by making him bring the girl home at eleven-thirty. The boy is free to date another girl if he so wishes; but if he takes this girl out he knows that *the rule goes with the girl*. The good Mother is safeguarding her child.

In like manner the Catholic Church is a Mother who tries to safeguard the faith of her child: if a Non-Catholic man marries a Catholic girl he should remember that *the marriage law goes with the girl*.

By way of conclusion I should like to say that mixed marriage is unfair to both Non-Catholic and Catholic, as well as to the children of such a union.

First of all, the mixed marriage demands too much of weak human nature, for it expects the Non-Catholic man or wife gracefully to submit to the seeming severe marriage laws of a Church in which the Non-Catholic has no faith and of whom he is jealous. It is likewise unfair to the Non-Catholic party because it separates his wife and children from him by the very real barrier of Catholicism. It is unfair to expect the Non-Catholic to rear the children in the Catholic faith in the event of the death of the Catholic mate.

Secondly, mixed marriage is unfair to the Catholic partner, for the marriage bond binds her until death, while the Non-Catholic will not feel the same moral hesitancy about divorce and remarriage. It is unfair to place all the burden of the religious training of the children on the shoulders of the Catholic partner.

Thirdly, mixed marriage is unfair to both man and wife because of the loneliness and lack of mutual understanding that comes from no united belief and practice.

Fourthly, mixed marriage is unfair to the children who are bewildered by the difference of faith and practice of Mother and Father. This bewilderment eventually yields to religious indifference and the damage has been done.

Finally, the mixed marriage is *unfair to Jesus Christ*, Who is excluded as a guest at the marriage ceremony, and Who may live in the heart of one partner by sanctifying grace, and be a complete stranger to the soul of the other.

To those who have not yet taken the important step of marriage in *fairness to yourselves, to your own future little ones, and to Jesus Christ, the sweet Guest of the marriage at Cana of Galilee... marry your own.*



he LEAST of THESE



by Sister M. Digna, O.S.B.

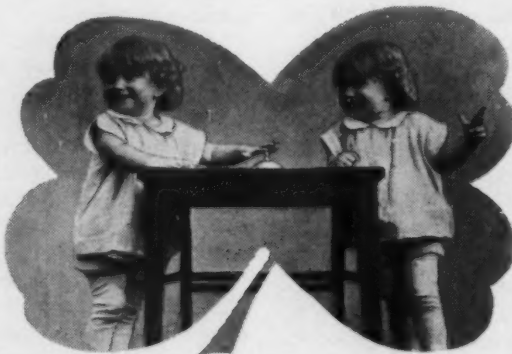
“WHAT you have done to the least of My brethren, you have done unto Me,” quoted the retreat master as he flung out his arms in a gesture of welcome. It was the usual talk on charity, but the old man was endeavoring to give the topic a new turn. Although Sister Mary Ruth found many of the conferences boring and uninspiring, she occasionally discovered little nuggets of practical wisdom which made her think. And these thoughts were in the direction that Sister Mary Ruth had avoided during the last few years.

“Strange,” she mused, “how we dodge the everyday issues to think about the abstractions of philosophy.”

“You have done to the least...” The words bothered her. Sister did not want her peace of mind troubled. Moving uneasily in the pew, she reached over to get a book on St. Thomas. Then she might slip unobserved by the speaker behind one of the pillars. Here she could read hidden in the recess. She had just adjusted herself when the speaker moved too. Now she was in his direct line of vision. She dared not read while he was speaking.

“The least?”... Well, who were the least? Didn’t

her religious habit announce to all who cared to know that she was given to a life of service? “But was that service true charity?” she asked herself. “Well, she wasn’t going to think about it, and have composure disturbed,” she decided. Still the words were like the melody of a once popular song, “When I Grow Too Old to Dream,” which she had heard once over the radio, and which had come back with a teasing persistence. Only did she forget it when learning the words of the song, she sang it a few times to herself. So, perhaps, with the Scriptural quotation.



“Was she serving the least?” she asked herself again. She knew the answer. She was not! Here she was, teaching in the one college that the community had. She had the prestige and the honor that went to one of the few who had all the opportunities for educational and professional advancement. Why, the very girls she taught were

from the comfortably rich. Did she really serve them? Didn’t the majority of them come to this select college because it was the thing to do? The nuns gave the girls a certain polish. Emphasis was laid on the social graces. No girl who attended St. Clare’s would ever have to consult an

Emily Post, for she knew instinctively what to do at all times. She had learned in some subtle manner how to capitalize her feminine charms so that her "savoir faire" had the naivete of a child. But, was that serving the least? A line of little snobs passed in

mental parade as Sister Mary Ruth tried to pick out the least of those she had served during the past year. "The least" were not at St. Clare's, she had to confess to herself.

Sister recalled the day when she had stopped at St. Monica Children's home last summer. She remembered seeing three old Sisters with a group of little children weeding the garden. The day was hot, so hot that she had dropped in for a cool drink while taking a drive around the North Shore of the lake. Hot as the day was, still worked the three old Sisters, Sisters who through their toil and self-sacrifice had made possible the beautiful college with its campus, not a mile away. There was Sister Ann whose legacy had put up the first of the college units. Each of the three Sisters had helped to place the community on a sound financial basis, so that it was possible for it to carry on its higher educational program.

How weary Sister Ann looked as she straightened up to rest her back; her face was flushed and at seventy-five Sister carried all the hieroglyphics of hard work and fatiguing labor. And the little children! Literally Sister Mary Ruth's heart



contracted as she thought of the little children. The home was a purely charitable institution. Sister Mary Ruth concluded that the community supplied the necessities without bothering much about the comforts. The work was entirely voluntary. Somehow

or other, the idea had grown up in the community that when the Sisters were too old to teach or to nurse or through carelessness of personal appearances, which comes to old age, they were not pretty sights in the college environment, then they went to St. Monica's to take care of seventy-five or eighty children.

In the light of Sister Mary Ruth's knowledge of education and psychology, she knew that this was

not as it should be. If some of the Sisters who were holding posts of honor would offer to go to the home, perhaps others, too, would be likely to go. But who would offer?

A general stir, a rustle of rosaries, a creaking of starched linen, broke into her consciousness as the conference closed. The retreat master smilingly passed down the center aisle. At first, Sister Mary Ruth knelt in her place, but a vision of the grove, pine-incensed and quiet, tempted her out to God's natural temple with trees candling upward.

Seated on the ground, she let the needles of years trickle through her fingers while she thought. Here in solitude, with only the busy domesticity of pine warblers, did her thoughts take stature and

Dedicated to a Lay Brother

He's shorn of all the world holds the finest,
No one will point him out as something grand;
No costly garb is there to deck his person,
This lowly member of a lowly band.

No one will run to see him as he passes;
For what is he? A brother poor, that's all.
No one will stop to gaze with eyes admiring,
But what cares he, this soul whom God did call?

Unruffled peace is his from dawn to darkness,
No troubles enter his secluded life;
He's far removed from quarrel and discontentment.
The world, with all its bustle, din and strife,

Allures him not; he's cast it off forever.
No doubts or fears there rankle in his breast,
As dead sea-fruit, he found its empty pleasures;
He sought within the Cloister for his rest.

And has he found it? You, perchance, may wonder;
Then watch him as he goes about his toil.
Full joy serene is mirrored in his features,
And heaven-sent hope is shining in his eyes.

So do not stand and look with eyes of pity
Upon him as he comes and passes on.
He's happier than you, with all your riches,
All joy is his within his cloistered home.

John T. Geran.

grow. They became free—even a little terrifying. Old women and little orphan children! Women drained of youth and vitality simply waiting the end as they co-worked with little children. She remembered the scene at home when she had told her parents that she wanted to be a nun. They were too good Catholics to oppose her, but she knew the grief it cost them to part with the only child of their old age.

"And why do you want to be a nun, Gracie?" her father had asked.

"It's a call to a life of charity, Dad," was her answer as she turned away to avoid seeing the old man's trembling lips and tear-filled eyes.

"A call of charity, my girl, well, God be with ye! Remember 'taint only your sacrifice, Gracie. 'Tis yer mother's and mine, so be sure it is a call of charity"—were his last words. Those and his final "God bless ye."

Little children and old women nuns. And the call to "serve the least." Sister Mary Ruth got up and slowly retraced her steps toward the convent. There was Rosary Hall, the scene of her hours of teaching—teaching that she loved because it was

so satisfying. There was the beautifully landscaped campus, there the beautiful buildings, but off in the distance could be seen from the top of the knoll on which she stood the red brick building of St. Monica's.

Entering the administration building she went to the office of Mother President. Since retreat had curtailed much of the ordinary business, Mother was free.

"Mother, I am coming to volunteer to go to St. Monica's," Sister announced without any preliminaries.

Sister Mary Ruth returned Mother Cecelia's quiet studied look.

"Are you happy here, Sister?"

"Oh yes, Mother, far too happy, but my place here can easily be filled, and I feel I am needed at St. Monica's—call it a 'conscientious scruple,' if you wish, Mother."

"Sister, I never interfere with conscientious scruples." Taking a pen, Mother Cecelia hastily wrote a few words. "Take this to Sister Electa who is typing the appointments which will be read tomorrow after retreat closes."

FOR JUNIOR KNIGHTS

THE MAIN COGWHEEL

THE NEXT time you pry off or unscrew the back of your Ingersoll take a good look at the main cogwheel in it. You will see that the main cogwheel is responsible for the revolutions made by the smaller cogwheels on which the hands are fitted. Observe the machinery in any car, plane, tractor, or ship, and you will find other main cogwheels. If the main cogwheel is imperfect, smooth operation of the machine is altogether an impossibility.

A great Doctor of the church calls a vocation the main cogwheel of life. You will not have to go to a hardware store to select that cogwheel. God points it out to you in your prayers, in your serious moments, in your ideals, in your idolizing some person; through someone's suggestion, and, not least of all, when your imagination runs riot.

There is only one main cogwheel that fits you. If you install it, even though it may cost a fabulous sum of sacrifice, the Divine Mechanic with his grace will keep your spiritual machine not only in perfect running condition, but will also keep it well oiled and safeguard its glossy, polished finish. And this will make for maximum spiritual as well as temporal efficiency.

Substituting a cogwheel of your own make for the cogwheel shaped and cast for you by God in giving you certain talents and permitting you to be reared in certain circumstances, means that the human machine will sooner or later become another article for the junk pile of misfits in this world.

To choose the wrong cogwheel is to throw a monkey wrench into the works—God's works.

Gilbert Kess, O.S.B.

The Afro-American Problem

Marieli G. Benziger

THE INSIDE story of the Ambassadors of Christ battling to bring the Faith to the *Black Belt* within our city slums and to the "Deep South" makes ugly reading. Unsung and without glory these pioneer missionaries trek to the South. Their work for the salvation of their *Black Brethren* is hindered by inconceivable obstacles. They are constantly ridiculed and even ostracized by white Catholics who refuse to associate with them for bringing Christ to the Negro. Benefactors whose generosity makes the foreign mission enterprize a possibility, who provide the funds to erect churches and convents and schools in *Darkest Africa*, or China, or India refuse to give a penny to aid the Negro missions at home. The African natives have not the background that our American Negroes have. Yet in Africa the Church has made tremendous progress. There the only obstacles come from pagans; here in the States the greatest obstacles confronting priests and nuns laboring in the Negro missions come from within.

Progress has been hampered by *American Prejudice and Bigotry*. Americans continue to subjugate their *Afro-American Brothers* to a state of "clandestine slavery." They refuse to treat the Negro as they do the Japanese, or Chinese or Mexican. They place obstacles in the way for their higher education, ridicule the idea of cultural pursuits, scoff at providing seminaries and convents which would foster and encourage religious vocations.

These objectors have forgotten that the very *African Continent* from which these Negroes once came is today dotted with flourishing missions—



Photo by Marieli Benziger

Altar Boy in one of the most destitute parishes of North Carolina, whose ambition is to become a priest.

that in Africa there are over 2,000 native nuns.¹ Was not the Church planted in Uganda in 1886, long after the abolition of slavery in the States? Yet Uganda Negroes venerate their Twenty-Two Boy Martyrs. Today Uganda has 50 native priests, 300 native sisters, and these are backed and assisted by 200 missionaries and 6 bishops. In the States there are 12,500,000 Negroes, only 252,000 of which are members of the Catholic Church.² In 1920 a seminary for Negro priests was established in the South. Even now few Americans fully realize what the Fathers of the Divine Word endured to bring this ardent dream of a Sovereign Pontiff into being. St. Augustine's Seminary at Bay St. Louis, Miss., is an expression of the spirit of the Church. Pope Pius XI in exclaiming his joy on learning of the erection of this seminary in the South for the training of a native clergy wrote: "If we wish to accomplish solid and useful work in the conversion of the Negroes, it is indispensable that the priests of the same race shall make it their

¹ Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J. "More Colored Nuns."

² Statistics published by Xavier University, New Orleans, La.

life task to lead these people to the Christian faith and to a *higher cultural level*. From the very nature of the Church as a *Divine Institution* every tribe or people should have priests, who are one with it in race and character, in habit of thought and temperament."

Had Catholics listened to the voice of the Pope of the Missions, Protestants and Communists might not have garnered the harvest waiting for our reapers. Catholics permitted race hatred to blind their eyes. Protestant denominations stepped into the breach, and they have always been jealous of higher education for the Colored People. During the year 1931-1932 there were 20,277 Negroes enrolled in Colleges and Professional schools. Of these institutions, 79 Colleges are Negro schools, and 48 of these were supported by various religious denominations.³ There are 46,000 Sunday Schools for Negroes with an attendance of about 3,000,000 pupils conducted by our separated brethren, and 47,000 churches of various sects maintained by Negroes with 5,000,000 communicants.

While Catholics bicker as to the advisability of higher education for the Negro our Government offers them positions side by side with the white citizen. The American Constitution safeguards the liberties of its citizens; it is impartial to race, creed or color. Our Democracy provides schools where children are accepted and taught irrespective of race or creed. In Washington there are Negroes in prominent positions; we find them in the Congressional Library, in the Labor Department, and in politics. Again it is time we realize that the Negro is the mightiest single group of labor force in the United States.

This is something the Communists have taken advantage of. They have not been hesitant in their atheistic or God-denunciatory program. The Communists are clever psychologists; they have their agents planted all over our country and they have found the problem spots. The Communists found many Negroes susceptible to influence, so they

began sowing their seeds of racial hatred against the whites. "Communism definitely proposes to set up an independent Negro republic in 7 of our Southern States, where the Negro population approximates 50%. Their aim is to incite racial uprising and bloody revolution amongst Negroes of Dixie and to seek to establish a Negro Republic in the Black Belt."⁴

"The Communists fight for the right of the Black Belt Territory for self-determination. This means that not only shall the Negro people no longer be oppressed, but that they shall come into their rightful position as the majority population in the Black Belt. It means equally the right of the Black Belt Republic freely to determine its relation with the United States ... This would mean that the Negro people in the Black Belt will have the right to choose for themselves between federation with or separation from the United States as a whole, the *Soviet power*, the worker and Their Government ... (the American Soviets) will guarantee this right." (Taken from Communist leaders.)

By now Americans are beginning to have an inkling of just how alert are these Communists. Neither funds nor men are spared, their spies are sent right into the enemy's camp. Only last summer in New Orleans, at Xavier University, Father Edward Murphy noticed the antagonistic attitude of one of his pupils towards the teachings of the Church. An investigation brought to light the fact that this brilliant Negro had been sent all the way from New York to attend Summer School; the Communists of Union Square wanted a report of Catholic activities amongst Negroes!

Though our picture is far from beautiful, it is well to remember that since the Civil War when Negro Catholics numbered some 300,000 the Church has only recently gone into the midst of the Negro.

Chicago has made amazing progress. Eighteen years ago there were 1,200 Negro Catholics; at the end of 1939 there were 15,000. Cardinal Mundelein did much to encourage



³ Statistics published by Xavier University, New Xavier University, New Orleans, La.

University, New Orleans, La., conducted by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, affiliated with the Catholic University of America.

⁴ Leaflet published by American Women Against Communism.

this work. Many of the younger priests and seminarians trained at Quigley and Mundelein have taken the Negro problem to heart. They are determined there shall be no such thing as racial discrimination. Their efforts in the various parishes to which they have been sent are milestones along a new road to progress. The resources are inadequate, but so far three churches have been set aside for Negro congregations, while three others have both Negro and whites. The Fathers of the Divine Word have by far the largest Negro parishes, and what they have done is magnificent. St. Anselm's has proved that by encouraging social and athletic as well as scholastic activities unbelievable results can be accomplished, while St. Elizabeth's has the only high-

school in town entirely devoted to the education of Negro youth, open without discrimination to all denominations. We realize that only 3,000 Negro children can be accommodated in Catholic schools; we realize the tremendous work that still has to be undertaken before Christ can really be brought right into the Negro home, where poverty, want and suffering is so great. Everywhere the Negro Catholic layman and laywoman are the greatest apostles, and yet the difficulties confronting them seem insurmountable. Over 65% of all people on relief in Chicago are Negroes. These poor unfortunates have been mostly victims of racketeers, who

during the worst period of the Depression visited the South promising destitute Negroes a W. P. A. job in Chicago, and a guarantee that if the W. P. A.

failed them they would immediately be placed on relief. These are the racketeers who are accountable for bringing over 50,000 Negroes to Chicago at \$35.00 a truck-load, and then dumping entire families into an already over-crowded area, merely to return South for another human cargo!

Whether we visit the tenements of Harlem, Chicago's rat infested Black Belt of the South

Side, or the "Sunny South" we find in no less than 17 States the vanguard of the Church's Missionary army—the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. These Sisters respond to the S. O. S. call for missionaries, teachers, or workers, as long as the S. O. S. is for the Negro or Indian. That is how in 27 dioceses these untiring workers labor side by side with the Secular or

Regular clergy. Though their Foundress is still alive we hear but little about the courageous woman, who took to her heart the lot of a shackled race. Yet her name will go down in history as the greatest Catholic champion, who pioneered midst prejudice and bigotry, fighting to raise the standard of the Catholic Negro, so that he could face his confreres in any State of the Union and expound

the doctrines of Holy Mother Church, and by his wisdom and learning become a leader for good. Realizing that nothing could be done in this country, Katherine Drexel brought the Negro cause to Rome, and pleaded with Pope Leo XIII

that he send missionaries to the American Negro and Indian. This Pope, who had bidden Therese Martin of Lisieux to have patience, counselled the



St. Mary's Academy, New Orleans, once the *Theatre D'Orleans*, is a boarding and day school conducted by the Colored Sisters of the Holy Family.



St. Augustine's Seminary, America's Only Negro Catholic Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi.

Photo Courtesy St Augustine's Seminary

Philadelphian to become a missionary herself.

Those who knew Pope Leo XIII spoke of his prophetic vision. Here was an American girl merely asking for missionaries—willing to aid their cause with funds. As the piercing blue eyes of the Vicar of Christ gazed through the veil of time he saw the hundreds of thousands of souls being led into the Church by her who knelt at his feet. Like another Francis Xavier much of her work was to be single-handed. Yet the day would come when her daughters would carry her teachings to the farthest State in the Union. She was to open for the Negro of America not only the doors of the Church, but the doors of Catholic education, whether in her own rural schools, boarding-schools, or high-schools. Handicapped by a lack of teachers she founded a Teachers' College. Soon her own boys and girls were teaching throughout the South. Recognizing the need for Colored Catholic leadership she opened Xavier College in 1925. Eight years later, due to the tremendous increase of pupils, Mother Drexel moved her students to the present site on the outskirts of the city of New Orleans. Today over 1,000 Negro boys and girls attend Xavier University. Many are too poor to pay tuition; they live out on \$2.00 a week. One is spent on food, the other on rent, and they are willing to accept any kind of labor as long as they can work their way through college. The beautiful grey stone University, with its English Gothic architecture, is like a glorious hymn of praise that rises from the heart of a Catholic city. Here in these up-to-date classrooms, laboratories, library, and various annexes is the monumental triumph of Mother Drexel's faith in her Church and in the American Catholic Negro. The high standards seen at Xavier made me realize that its pupils could be placed in our very finest universities, where without affectation, or effort Xavier's graduates would fit into an atmosphere that is representative of the very best in America. Having witnessed the handicaps faced by the American Negro, it was all the more gratifying to know that Holy Mother Church—speaking through her Vicar, Pope Leo XIII—had picked out a chosen instrument in the Foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, who has proved to American Catholics that it is high time we give the Negro the same advantages we give our white youth.

Though great as was my joy in the realization of what Xavier had proved, my visit to the little village of Bay St. Louis in Mississippi struck even a deeper chord. Long and bitter had been the struggle. I had begun to doubt the real spirit animating Catholics in America. I knew, for I had made

a special study of what the Church and its clergy had done to foster native vocations in foreign missions. But in the United States prejudice and bigotry had entered monasteries and seminaries. Negro mothers were turned away when they pleaded that their sons be admitted to the priesthood. And what answer could I give the boys in the slums of Harlem, or Washington, or Chicago, or Greenville, or Los Angeles when they wanted to know why they could not become priests? In vain I tried to explain that the Church encouraged vocations, but they would name institutions which barred them because of color. At that time neither they nor I had heard of St. Augustine's Seminary, which had been founded in 1920. I doubt if many of our countrymen know of its existence. Intentionally has every effort been made to shroud with opprobrium this Negro Seminary situated in "the Deep South." Many Southerners disapproved of its existence; they scornfully designated it then and even now as: "the factory that turns out Nigger priests." Yes, Catholics, as well as Methodists and Baptists fully expected that opposition would force the Fathers of the Divine Word to abandon their project. Prejudice was so great, that after a few years the first site had to be abandoned. The heroic founders folded their tents, surprised everyone by merely moving, and this time to Bay St. Louis. By dint of hard manual labor, by tilling and toiling night and day a struggling handful of priests raised the seminary as it stands today. Who would suspect on viewing the wonderfully laid out gardens, the well kept fields, the massive trees swathed with Spanish moss—that once this was unwanted swamp-land?

An atmosphere of peace and seclusion permeated this hermitage of prayer. There was a student I was anxious to see. Not so very long ago his tear-stained mother had valiantly knocked at seminary after seminary, only to be cruelly shown the door. And yet this Negress from Trinidad came from a family that through countless generations had loyally served the Church. People of culture and fortune, they had been respected and looked-up to by Europeans, but in our country there had been no room for her son as a Disciple of Christ. Fortunately her prayers had been heard—her boy is today a student in the Minor Seminary with some 50 other Negroes. As I gazed into his face which radiated joy, and studied those eyes which like mirrors were reflections of the grace of God within his soul, I knew that verily God's mercy is unlimited, His love is boundless and barrierless.

Though only of recent years has there been a Negro Seminary in the South, there have been a

few Communities that have made room for Negro seminarians—and there have been Negro priests trained in the Josephite Seminary and elsewhere. But the purpose of this article is merely to touch the high-lights, nor can I dwell on the magnificent work being accomplished by our Colored Sisters. There are two Negro Sisterhoods that have been working for the Colored Race for a century, and two other Communities have been founded since 1900. When we realize the obstacles and the poverty they have faced we marvel, yet theirs has been the cardinal virtue of every real missionary, a "stick-to-itiveness"—and a grim determination to follow in the traces of the *Via Crucis* until the very end. Let us hope that their fortitude and courage will in the near future—(due to our efforts—the efforts of all who read this—who make a study of the Negro cause) bear fruit a hundredfold.

Before closing I must return once again to New Orleans—this Southern Queen City has a fascination that is a bit of the Old World. We step out of the world of today into the world of yesterday. French is spoken even on the streets. There is a quaintness and a charm in the narrow winding alleys that is a reminder of Chartres, or Rheims, or Lille. The garden behind Saint Louis Cathedral was the scene of many a duel, and nestling close to it is the historic land-mark, the "Theatre d'Orleans," once noted play-house where the famous Quadroon balls were held. The mansion has remained the same, its long green shutters closing out the southern sun. I rang the bell and was es-

corted within. With curiosity I gazed about, for this is no longer the "Theatre d' Orleans"—but the convent of the Colored Sisters of the Holy Family. I asked to make the round of the classes; they were crowded to capacity by studious pupils. I investigated spotless curtained dormitories, then glided along highly polished corridors, saw the neatly laid refectory. The Sisters who stepped back as the Mother Assistant General and I came up the stair-case and gave the religious salute—reminded me of nuns I had seen elsewhere. As I prayed in that homelike chapel, there was something in that convent atmosphere that brought back to mind other convents that I had known: Roehampton in London, Inghenbohl in Switzerland, Nymphenburg in Munich, Riedenburg in Austria, the Trinita in Rome. What a sameness, what a uniformity! These nuns were in every way Daughters of Holy Mother Church, Spouses of Jesus Christ, only they and their pupils were of another race. Within the next two years they are to celebrate their Centenary, marked by years of service by caring for the Negro orphanages, homes for the aged, schools and in the lowly shanties. As the sanctuary lamp flickered and glowed I knew, that in this convent where no white person resided I had witnessed the *Universality of Holy Mother Church*. To Her there are no races, or barriers, or oceans. Her Spirit, the Spirit of Light, the Spirit of Truth makes us all *One*—co-heirs of the Son of God. And I prayed that this truth be brought home to all those who would oppose the reign of Christ being brought to the Negro of our great Democracy.



Corpus Christi Novena

As in past years the Solemn Octave of Corpus Christi will be celebrated at St. Meinrad's Abbey with a Solemn High Mass each day in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed. These eight Masses together with the Solemn High Mass on the Feast of the Sacred Heart will be offered for the friends and benefactors of the Abbey. Readers of *THE GRAIL* are invited to send in their petitions to be placed beneath the altar during the novena.

The novena opens on the Feast of Corpus Christi, May 23, and closes on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, May 31. Send your petitions to:

The Grail
Benedictine Abbey
St. Meinrad, Indiana

On Missionaries and Others

Brooks Hilary Stewart

I CAN'T think why the missionary should be a matter for hearty laughter. Nobody laughs at the rather comically costumed gentlemen who go out to the desert to dig for bones. Bone digging, even in short white pants, is recognized by the multitudes who don't dig bones as a perfectly reasonable human activity and everyone takes it very placidly.

I don't rock and roar at bone diggers either, but I'd be much more likely to laugh at them than I'd be to laugh at a missionary—even a lady missionary in black bombazine.

Women in black skirts could never be as funny to me as men in white shorts. But, my sense of the ridiculous notwithstanding, people do find something immensely amusing in the idea of men and women dedicating their lives to the spreading of Christianity—that is, they do when they're in a mood to be amused; the rest of the time they deplore with a great show of righteousness and tolerance, the notion of having missionaries at all.

"How," they bluster, "would we like it if those people came over here and tried to make Buddhists or Sun-Worshippers of us!" As a matter of fact it's been tried, but that is straying from the point.

Latter day exponents of toleration seem to picture the missionary as a long-faced Holy Joe bent on trampling the joy of living out of the heart of the noble savage. "Live and let live," they say.

Yes, live and let live, but only while we're on the subject of religion. We must applaud dutifully when the news reaches us that a few more Hindus can read and write than did last year. Education is a fine thing and the quicker the uncivilized, or differently civilized world learns to speak the King's English with a Harvard accent, the better off, we think, they'll be.

No friend of the happy heathen suggests that we should withhold educators from Africa, India, and far Cathay, and if the sweet and simple inhabitants of these benighted lands show a disposition to keep things as they are—well, we must realize that after all, we're dealing with backward races who have to be *shown* the value of daily newspapers and plane geometry.

It's all right to pester and badger the heathen into an acquaintance with Shakespeare and Thomas

Why Offer Thanks

Why offer thanks?—Today I heard A stranger say an encouraging word.

This afternoon I coaxed a smile From a friend who stumbled on life's sad mile.

When the many tasks of the day were done

I caught a glimpse of the fading sun.

Then I rejoiced in the velvet night That covers the morning's glowing light.

Martha M. Boutwell

Edison, just so we don't trample his joyous spirit by mentioning Christ.

It's all right to plant trolley cars, moving pictures and electric waffle irons in his country—that's real humanitarianism—just so we don't plant Christianity along with these lovelies. We musn't drive the spirit of delight out of the innocent happy creature.

It's legitimate to thrust western civilization upon the barbarian, but it would be hateful to bother him with the Thing that made and nurtured that civilization.

For this culture we boast of and want so badly to spread is, if not a part, then a product of Christianity. Rightly, it is called Christian civilization. And ourselves, are we not Christianity's beneficiaries? We, too, were barbarians and the Christian missionaries brought us civilization. Had it not been for the counsel to teach all nations, might we not be still on the cultural level and even below the cultural level of those, who lacking tractors and imitation leather, we are pleased to call backward?

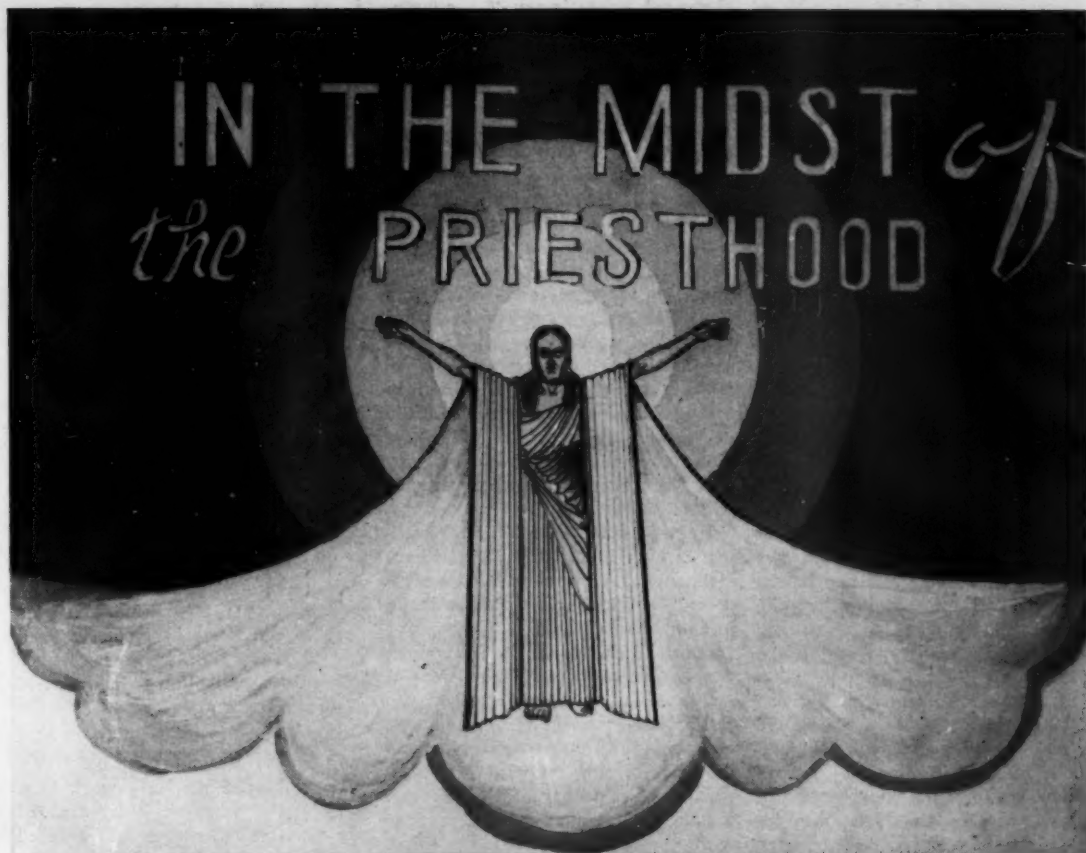
The fact is that those people who look upon the missionary's work as unnecessary and presumptuous are themselves the self-satisfied heirs of that work.

We know that when a missionary can be called an explorer or an educator he gets a fat place in the history books, and when he is eaten up by cannibals he gets a fat place in the joke books. He is interesting only when he's doing something outside his proper field of missionary activity.

This attitude in our people isn't the product of ingratitude or, for that matter, of irreligion; it springs from a readily understandable, if not commendable, laziness of mind, and indisposition to think things through—especially things which seem not to count anyhow.

Perhaps when the Christian way of life is threatened here as it is now threatened in Europe, these foolish folks will know at last the value of the thing which they declare should not be pressed upon others.

In any event, the missionaries, used as they are to ridicule and rejection, will continue to follow the counsel of their Master, and for this the thoughtless may one day thank them.



Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

ODDLY enough, I never really thought of myself as becoming a priest. That's a strange confession; but I started my vocation, after I had finished college way back in 1909, with the explicit purpose of being a Jesuit. I had gone to school to Jesuits; my best friend was a young Jesuit teacher, not yet a priest, Mr. Claude J. Pernin, and, at the moment of entrance, the priesthood looked very, very far away. I knew that, even with the best of luck, I could not reach the altar until the year of grace 1923, and from the vantage point of 1909 that seemed too far away to worry much about, much less to regard with keen anticipation.

Then the years of the Jesuit training and experience slipped over my

head with an almost alarming rapidity, and I passed from my delightful three years of teaching into Theology. Then the first time the light of the sanctuary broke over my life as a beacon calling me toward a new and happy port. Somewhere ahead of me, obscured for the time by the vistas of theology, the courses in scripture, and the routine of a seminarian's life, lay the moment when I should be a priest of God. And I must admit that the whole prospect grew a little alarming.

Then one morning I stood at the foot of the altar where stood the gracious Archbishop Glennon, and knew that in a very few minutes mysterious powers would fall upon me, my hands would be anointed with an oil that no time nor cease-

less usage nor careless rubbing would ever remove, and I should say with the ordaining prelate words that would make bread into God's Son.

There was, I remember, a touch of the catacombs about that morning. A terrific storm broke over our college church in St. Louis, and when it was ended, every light in the church had been blown out. So we were ordained by candlelight, wistful and flickering and singularly appropriate. Somewhere back of me I knew that my Mother and Father and younger brother were kneeling, watching me as if I were the only one there at the altar steps and not merely one of the crowd of youngish men who were waiting for the coming of the Holy Spirit.

Ordination was, I confess, a bit of a daze. I walked through it almost dreamily. I watched the Archbishop carefully, feeling abstractedly as if I were outside of myself and seeing someone else go through this strange but highly significant ritual. The mass of ordination moved its solemn way, and my voice was firm and strong, without a tremble or a break in it, even when with the archbishop I spoke for the first time the words of consecration, and knew that my power, quite as much as the power of the man at the altar in gold vestments, had called God down from Heaven into our midst.

Then when I stood over my Mother and gave her my first blessing, the coldness and aloofness and detachment broke, and I felt vividly that I was a priest indeed, and that my Mother was kneeling to me, her son, and looking up to me with awe and reverence and gratitude to the God who had brought her boy the long way to the altar.

Perhaps I can best describe the priesthood in terms of that blessing to my Mother. From that moment on, I have known that the priesthood for me is nothing personal, dear and intimate though it may be. It is a glorious power that has been given to me, an office that has been entrusted to me simply and solely for what I through it can do for others.

The moment of my first mass was terribly important and breathtaking. I moved with awe around the sanctuary. I listened to the sermon of my good friend, now *Father Pernin*, and was glad that he spoke far less of me, his former pupil and his dear associate, than of the priesthood itself. I bent over the bread and wine for the all-holy, frightening words, and suddenly knew that there was depth and significance and high responsibility in the fact that I was not saying, "This is the Body of the Savior," but "This is my Body." For the instance Christ and I were so much one that we together were doing this incredible thing: there was almost no distinction between us—the Body there in my hands was His Body, yet I had called it mine. I was a priest, but only because He was a priest. He had grappled me to Him less with chains and bonds

than with the intimacy of His divine life, with a kind of mysterious identity of myself and Him.

Then when I consumed the large Host, and turned, ciborium in hand, to carry Christ to the people, I felt sweeping over me the fulness of what I was and had been ordained to do. The large Host was for me; yes, through it I had again been assimilated to Jesus Christ. But from that altar I was decreed by God Himself to turn and carry the Savior to His beloved People. Once Christ had walked the world. Once He had moved among His people. Now held in the bondage of eternity and the Blessed Sacrament, He could not move in visible form. So, by a glorious privilege, it had become my task to carry Him wherever He wanted to go.

I moved along that altar rail, seeing as I walked all the places where I should carry Him—to the dear, innocent lips of First Communicants, to the lacerated hearts of repentant sinners, to the young bridal couple, flush with the joy of their nuptial mass, to the old lady helped to the rail by her grandchildren, to the sick and the dying, to beautiful old nuns in their convent chapels, to men in prison and to soldiers in their camps. I saw it all vaguely, but I saw it with enough clarity to know that from that moment on my task was merely one: To carry Jesus Christ to the world that waited for Him and to the men and women He could reach only through my sadly human ministrations.

The completeness of my priesthood was, I think, only borne in upon me when for the first time I sat in the little confessional in the old parish where I as a boy had been raised. It was a hot summer afternoon, and the penitents were few and very holy. I remember that I had a sort of happy wonder that people could be so good—little children whose sins were fond, human trifles; gentle women whose vices sounded suspiciously like virtues; men who came out of dear established custom and not by the impulsion of some crime upon their souls. But it hit me with the force of a staggering blow that I, Daniel A. Lord, young fellow just out of his Theology, inexperienced

in the ways of the priesthood, was saying words that reconciled souls to God, was speaking with a wisdom I hoped was sound and knew was not mine but the age old experience of the Church, and was passing into the souls of God's beloved grace and strength and the living presence of the Holy Spirit.

My first sermon was pretty much an accident. I had not meant to preach. The day was hot, the Sunday crowd was largely picnic and excursion bound, the mass was an early low one. Yet when I finished reading the gospel, I knew I had to talk. My parents were there in the pews. And for the first time I had that awesome feeling that comes as one looks out over a crowd of upturned, immobile faces, starved, and watching, and alertly waiting. I remember that I talked on the Sonship of Christ, the beloved Son slain by the unjust citizens of the Father's own country; and I know it was easy to tell these beloved sons and daughters of that same Father of their blessed adoption as children of a sure inheritance.

For a Jesuit there was still two more years of tempering before he starts off upon his life's work as a priest. But when the third year of my novitiate was over and I faced my life's assignment, I knew that what I should be ordered to do would not from that point be intensely important. Whatever I did, teach, write, preach, edit, organize, go into a college or a parish, deal with young people or old, I was walking as a Christ-bearer, as one whose only excuse for existence, much less for the incredible dignity that had fallen undeservedly upon Him, was the fact that in his power it lay to carry Christ to the waiting world.

I was a priest, a Christopher, a Christ-bearer. Because of me, on one altar of the world, Christ would come again, born in the Eucharistic Bethlehem. Through my spoken or written word, Christ might come to some waiting soul, or His presence be strengthened there. Each time a sacrament fell from my hands, I had given to some man, some woman, an increase of the divine life which is Christ's.

My own personal opinions were singularly unimportant. My own learning was trivial and light. But I carried within me the wisdom that Christ came to give to the world. I was a teacher commissioned by the Church not to tell what I thought or felt or was concerned with, but to repeat the overwhelming truths that came from Eternity on the lips of the world's greatest Teacher. If there were problems, I should have for them no solution but the solutions He came to give. When the little girl came talking of religious vocation, I had to show her Mary seated at the feet of Christ in Bethany. And when I met the man of the world, I had to counter his easy plausibility and his maxims of wealth and power and pleasure with the mysterious and overwhelming truths of poverty and meekness and mortification.

Here was no question of personal sanctity on my part. It was the simple realization that "for me to live is Christ." That was all there was to it. Paul, the great priest, had known it, had lived it. That was my destiny too, not from any choice or conscious selection on my part, but because, out of the great goodness of His heart, Christ had given me the task of bringing His physical presence to the world through the Mass, acting as channel of His divine life to mankind through the sacraments, and bringing His spirit and His truth to every human situation, great or small, personal, civic, religious, literary, or social, that came within the scope of my influence.

I was not longer a mere individual. I could not be. I was an individual who had undertaken a high responsibility for which Christ would hold me responsible, and for which the world would demand a strict accounting. There was the waiting human race; there was Christ. I was to labor with all that lay in my power to bring Christ to them and them to Christ.

What a vocation! What a career! What a glorious privilege!

I'd rather not say how I feel I have done that job. That is too embarrassing. I hate from the viewpoint of the years to contrast accom-

plishment with hopes and ideals, to total up the ledger of my life against the greatness of the capital I received from Christ and the constant income of His grace. Instead, let's rather say how generous God is to His priests, how merciful to their limitations, and how humilatingly grateful for the little they are able to do.

This I know, that as the years of the priesthood sweep along, one grows to know how fierce is the need of the world for Christ, how slight are the efforts one really puts forth

Quis Est Homo?

I might have been a grain of sand
Glistening there upon the strand,
Just beyond the reach
Of the waves that lave the beach.

Or I might have been an alley cat,
Alley-fed, and poor at that,
Yowling in the night
With eyes of baleful green alight.

Or I might have been a gangster,
^{see,}
Standing by his gallows' tree,
Without a prayer
To beg God's mercy way up there.

Or I might have been a banker,
Fat and prosperous in my chair,
Graying silver in my hair,
In my heart the silver too;
Money grows attached to you.

*I might have been most anything
From high-way tramp unto a king:
By grace I am a child of God,
Spirit-filled immortal clod.
For what I am, I thank you, God.*

—Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

to satisfy that need, and how sweet is the smile of Christ for any least labor one expends in His cause. The life of a priest is a life of constant carrying of Christ about with him. It is a long and lovely series of opportunities to satisfy the hunger of the world. It is an embarrassing repetition of God's gratitude for the little things one has accomplished.

With years I have come to know the compliment that is paid to the Catholic priesthood in the hatred of Christ's enemies. It's rather amazing the mad and insulting letters that come through one's mail—let-

ters hot with hatred of an unknown person who happens to be a priest. I have felt the flattery of those Christ-haters who throughout the world today have stood priests against brick walls and flung them into quicklime or the slow torture of concentration camps. And again I have known that none of this is personal tribute. They hate the priesthood because they hate the mass which is impossible without the priesthood; they hate the mass because it is Christ's way of entering the world. They silence, where they can, the voice of Christ's priests and because that voice is wise or learned or dangerous or likely to incite to rebellion and crime; but because that voice is strangely like the voice of Him who spoke from the Mount, and the message of that voice is insistently the message of the hunted and hated Savior.

And I have marvelled that, despite the call of an easy, luxurious, persuasive world, thousands of young men continue to follow Christ into a life which has from the outside so few attractions. The call of the Savior on the lakeside of Judea has not lost its force and vigor. A million followers of John the beloved still leave their nets and their parents' home to walk during the years of their training at the side of the Savior and after the hands of consecration have made them priests to travel through the world carrying Christ with them in eager if always unworthy hands.

I entered the Society of Jesus with little thought of priesthood in mind. But once the priesthood came, my whole life was so different that I was first and always, please God, a priest. And to me, that office is no cause for pride or self-preening. It is merely God's great goodness to one of His utterly inadequate creatures who following Christ trustfully suddenly finds himself another Christ, speaking His blessed words, doing His blessed deeds, hated by the type of men who hated Him, devoting his whole life to the things that brought the Incarnate Word from Heaven.

For none of this can a man ever be slightly worthy. For all of them he can be unendingly grateful.

I WAS very ambitious from my earliest remembrance as a child. Our devout Catholic parents turned our trusting eyes toward the future even while intensely interested in the present. In the earliest years while attending our parochial school, my older brother and sister, my younger sister and myself turned our thoughts toward what might be ahead for us and what course for us to go for our life work.

One of my first teachers wisely suggested that young Catholics, whether girls or boys, should hold themselves in readiness for life as a religious, for life in the married state, or for life as the way may open for us or we be led. My older sister was married shortly after being graduated from college. My older brother was undecided until in the midst of his college course, when he turned his attention and efforts toward entering the priesthood.

Almost immediately after this our father's health failed him, leaving him a helpless invalid for the rest of his long years of lingering life. It was necessary for me to find employment in the office of a friend of our family. I was glad to do what I could to help our parents, for they had done so much for us, more than what could be measured by dollars-and-cents or by a visible family estate. Early in her high-school days, my younger sister turned toward life as a religious, taking her final vows shortly after my brother completed his preparations for becoming a priest.

I was left to take care of our parents. At first I was happy to do this, but gradually a resentment arose in my heart toward my brother and two sisters. I felt they were receiving increased spiritual and material blessings at my own expense. Before I realized it some of this bitterness—or at least questioning doubts—appeared in my mind and heart toward the Church that would seem to permit and encourage such a situation.

To avoid committing a mortal sin, at spare times I would slip quietly into our Church for prayer. Still I was not completely satisfied. One evening after the long shadows of the de-

In My Home

By
A Happy Martha

parting day had disappeared, leaving a solemn hush of increasing darkness, I was kneeling at the altar rail before the altar of our Blessed Mother, seeking her special intercession in my behalf. I had said and thought

all I could think, to gain the added help of Mary for me.

"Don't be a complaining Martha!" The words came as clearly to me as though the statue itself had spoken. "Remember, she received Christ into her home."

I had nothing more to say, but had plenty to think. I remembered well the record of Martha, Mary and Christ in Luke 10: 38-42, but my first spare minute at home I turned to that passage in my Bible and read and re-read it many times. I vowed then and there that I would not permit myself to become a complaining Martha. I would open my eyes and "receive Christ into my home" and into my work or place wherever I might have to be.

In my new view of life I saw at once *I had a "vocation" of my own where I was, and I was determined to make it as "religious" as I possibly could in my inner feelings and my contacts with others.* I would live and practice my Faith. *My place is as sacred to me and as important to me as any married person's or any Religious's—whether priest, brother, or a serving sister,—is to them.*

I take time for daily Mass. I read more Catholic publications and literature than I did before. My Faith means more to me now. I find myself better ready to help and encourage wavering Catholics, to open the way for those who are seeking a better personal understanding of the Faith, and to clear the vision of those who have not had a clear unprejudiced view of Catholicism.

No more complaints from me about my blessed place and work, and no apologizing explanations to any Religious person in the Church or to others about my not being married or a Religious myself. I am happy and busy too for our Holy Mother Church and for everything upright and holy.

The Minor Seminary

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

W E CATHOLICS in America are laboring under adverse conditions. Our private schools are a burden that is fast approaching the impossible. In the past decade depleted finances have compelled our diocesan officials to be as economic as circumstances will allow, reducing expenses wherever possible and withholding from our schools many a wished-for appropriation. Catholic parents are forced regretfully to send their children to state and free schools with results that are not often favorable for the spiritual development that we should like to see.

Certainly it would be rash to blame our leaders for taking these necessary steps of prudence, for that would be "biting the hand that is feeding us." It is a real pleasure to know that on the whole pastors and laymen have entered into whole-hearted co-operation with their bishops in this matter of economy, becoming ingenious in discovering ways and means to outdo one another in the general collections and in emergency relief measures.

Is it not possible, perhaps, that some have gone even farther than prudence would warrant? After all, if saving a dollar on food brings on a doctor bill of ten, not much has been saved.

To the hearts of us Catholics nothing is closer than our clergy and our schools. Both are objects of special favor and solicitude. We would no more think of having our priests homeless and in rags if we could help it than of having our own parents thrust upon public charity while we sit back, enjoying every luxury of life. We do not wish to encourage prodigality or wastefulness, but we want our priests, *God's* priests, to have the best we can afford for them. To reduce their revenues unduly would force them to dress and live in a manner that would rob them of much of their social and spiritual prestige; it might, if carried far enough, greatly diminish their efficiency and power for good.

Thanks be to God we have a loyal, hard-working clergy in this country, as our growing Church records show. Towering steeples and beautiful schools and hospitals will stand as a tribute to the zeal of men who have left all to follow their vocation with every bit of their energy.

The early missionaries may have slept in unheated log huts; they may have traveled for days

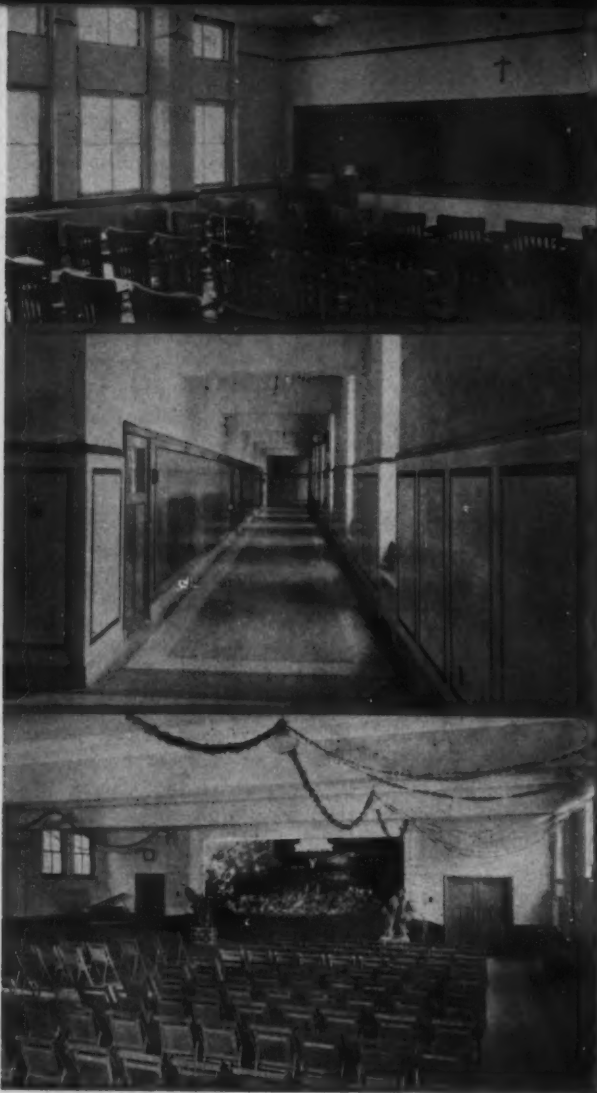
through unbroken wildernesses to administer the sacraments to the dying. Heaven bless them for it! But these same missionaries might today prefer a night's ride on a lonely road, or a fast of twelve hours, to the sleepless nights of our worried pastors, facing notes, bills, and foreclosures. Whether it is harder to ride for hours to hear a few confessions or to sit for six or eight hours hearing them by the hundreds may well be disputed, especially when relief from the confessional simply means that the attention must be turned to sermons, instructions, conferences, and other duties.

PRIESTS OF TOMORROW

Indeed we have loyal priests in this country, straining every fiber of their being. But the problem set forth in this article has to do with the priest of tomorrow. Will he be as zealous, as courageous, as untiring as his predecessors? We hope he will. Yet, isn't there cause for concern when we think of the numerous "quitters" of the younger set? Isn't there an appalling increase in the number of suicides among youths of high school and college age, who, rather than face the problems of life, cowardly shrink away? There seems to be something lacking in our system of preparation for life, something untaught in our modern schools—or is it in the home—that helped our fathers straighten their shoulders before the big task, spit in their hands, and work away. The dollar saved in preparing young people after this negligent fashion is going to cost a fortune when the real difficulties of life confront them.

If this is true of the ordinary avocations of life, it is doubly so of the priesthood. Few professions make the exacting demands upon their incumbents that the priesthood does. In a class apart, often without even a fellow priest to consult; without the vigorous health necessary for carrying on, the shepherd of the flock. though not a hireling.





Class Room, Corridor, Assembly Room Minor Seminary
St. Meinrad, Indiana

may be sternly put to the test. Unless he is disciplined in handling difficult situations, unless he is trained in handling himself under the trying maneuvers of the enemy, there is grave danger as to the outcome.

The dollar saved here may cost immortal souls. No one would be so rash as to say that a minor seminary, or even a theological seminary for that matter, can insure a happy issue from the struggle. But all well-meaning Catholics feel that the graduate of a minor seminary is, all else being equal, better equipped for the contest than the graduate

of a public high school, or even of a Catholic day school.

ADVANTAGES OF THE MINOR SEMINARY

For our own information let us compare the advantages of a minor seminary over a high school and see whether they justify the added expense.

If a youth of thirteen or fourteen at the time of his graduation expresses any intention of following the priestly vocation, it is not likely that he will be forced to attend a public high school devoid of religion and religious atmosphere, or even tainted with evident marks of irreligion. That would be certain death to almost any vocation. The youth might, however, be urged or forced by circumstances to attend a Catholic high school, taught by Brothers or Sisters, and promised that upon his graduation from this school his desire to enter the seminary will be considered.

THE HIGH SCHOOL

Unsuspecting, if a little disappointed, the lad yields. What else can he do? Now with all due respect to the excellent work of our teaching Orders, Brothers and Sisters, it must be said that they make no claims of being prepared either to diagnose a true vocation or to test it. They do their best, but even if the youth reveals to them his intent—which is not very likely—they are unable to give him what he needs, the special vocational guidance and the liturgical life that will nourish his vocation to full life and bloom. No matter how well the Eskimos love the tropical flowers, nor how much they care for them, the flowers will never thrive in the Arctic zone. They need native soil and climate.

In place of training in liturgy and chant there is insistence upon studies having little or no bearing on priestly life. The high school does not profess to make Latin scholars of the students, nor to prepare them for study of the Church Fathers, of Scripture, philosophy, and theology. A mere acquaintance with French, a smattering of Latin and English, a course in typing, and a prominent place in sports is too often a year's achievement in high school. Religion may be taught, but if it is, a minimum of time is allotted to it to conform to state requirements. Even then it must be taught in a general and impersonal way; the applications to the conditions of a seminarian are entirely lacking.

We are not blaming any high school for its course or methods. No one expects a law school to turn out surgeons; neither should we expect seminarians to be trained in the high school.

The study of the classics in the high school cannot be as thorough as in the seminary, for in the former the motive power is lacking. A seminarian knows he is to read the Latin of the Missal and Breviary, to use Latin text books, and listen to Latin lectures in philosophy and theology, and hence, he applies himself to his classics with a will to learn. The same can be said in a sense also of the other branches, which, in high school, are often taken to get the required credits for graduation, but which in the seminary, can be made practical for sacerdotal work and can be motivated by the common ambition and friendly rivalry of the class.

Apart from the curriculum of high schools the vocation is facing a veritable battery of destruction. On all sides, especially in extra-curricular activities, social and school events, the dazzling glitter of the world and its secular ideas tends to blind the spiritual sight; companions whose ideals are not always the best, whose thoughts are often controlled by movie stars and sport kings, whose speech reflects the mundane heart, are not exactly the right associates for the aspiring young ecclesiastic.

In the seminary, on the other hand, whether the student be in class, in chapel, or at recreation, he has always the spiritual atmosphere of the seminary. The crucifix on the wall, the holy water at the door, the religious pictures, the oft-repeated mottoes, all help him many times a day to lift his thoughts to higher things, to revel in spiritual communion, and to live in almost constant recollection.

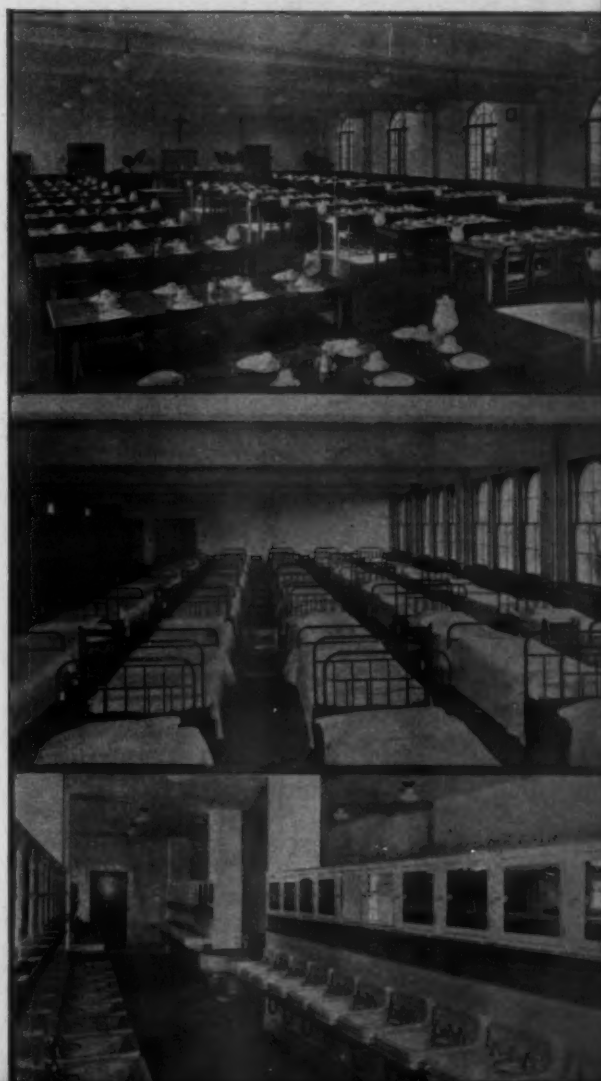
For companions the seminarian has only boys whose purpose is, like his own, the highest. His reading is supervised; his entertainments are picked for him; he has prefects of discipline watching zealously for the first signs of weakness and as ready to warn him as the careful gardener watches for the first weeds, ready with the hoe to root them out.

The retort to this line of reasoning is well known, and, of course, deserves consideration. The soldier learns best to fight by fighting. If the student is deprived of all opportunity to face the battle, how can he prove his mettle? He must have experience with the world and with the world's way, if he is to cope successfully with its wiles and strategies.

Our Lord didn't think so when He gathered the first seminarians about Him and kept them away from the world. Rome doesn't think so either when she admonishes us to avoid the "contamination of the world," and insists on "closed" seminaries.

There are better ways of training than actual combat. That combat will probably be fatal which is fought without previous training. Is the wood-chopper grinding his axe, the athlete training in the stadium, or the soldier drilling in camp wasting time in needless preliminaries? Demosthenes shouting on the seashore with his mouth full of pebbles was training for his greatness as an orator. The athlete punching the bag is strengthening his muscles for the real contest. The seminarian is training his judgment and strengthening his will by every act of obedience in the seminary. The silence of the study halls and dormitory, the restraint at meals, the supervision at recreation are strengthening the character, giving him self-control

Dining Room, Dormitory, Lavatory
Minor Seminary, St. Meinrad, Indiana



and ability to cope with the real foe when the time comes. The seminary is the training ground where soldiers are drilled in the maneuvers of war; it is poor policy to thrust raw recruits into the firing lines without the necessary training.

At any rate, to thrust unprepared youths into the immoral maelstrom of our day just to try their vocations, is certainly not "trying with all one's strength from the earliest years to put off more and more the spirit of the world and to put on the ecclesiastical spirit" (C. Balt. II, 142).

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES

But the greatest advantage a minor seminary has to offer is the facility for the regular and careful performance of the spiritual exercises in common. Far be it from us to suppose that a conscientious boy will neglect these duties at home. If he is sincere in his vocation, he will approach Holy Communion daily and perform his other prayers as well as circumstances will permit. But think of having the chapel under your very roof; of reciting the morning prayers in common with one or two hundred fellow aspirants; of approaching the Holy Table daily in cassock and surplice and wearing the sodality ribbon and medal of the Blessed Mother; of preparing the soul for the day's struggle with a short and fervent meditation led by the spiritual director. A boy who has spent six years in a minor seminary has had the opportunity for approximately 2100 such spiritual repasts. What strength and nourishment his soul receives! What that youth misses who is deprived of this! Then there is daily Mass, almost daily Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, daily rosary and spiritual reading, nightly examen of conscience and night prayers. One has but to contrast a day like this with the usual day of even the best student of the high school to see why the Church is so insistent on the "closed" seminary.

Anyone can see that it specializes in this work; it gives the youth a focused and definite mark to shoot at, a clarity of purpose in every act of the day's routine, and helps him to strike the mark. It is trying to minimize or destroy worldly-mindedness and to inculcate the spirit of sanctity so desirable in a priest and seminarian. It is striving for character formation by teaching moderation and self-restraint at all times.

WHAT ROME THINKS

Decrees of Ecclesiastical Councils from that of Trent in 1545, which legislated that boys of twelve

years and over showing signs of a true vocation should be segregated during the dangerous age most prone to the pleasures of the world (Sess. 23, cap. 18), to the Plenary Councils of Baltimore; Ecclesiastics in high positions from St. Charles Borromeo (*Institutiones*) to Leo XIII (*Depuis le Jour*) have voiced the unanimous opinion which is now embodied in Canon Law that two seminaries be established at least in the principal or larger dioceses, viz., the major seminary for students of philosophy and theology, and the minor seminary for boys pursuing the humanities in preparation for the major seminary (Canon 1354, 2).

That "conditions in America are different" is hardly a fair excuse to offer for sending boys to high schools, for it simply implies that American conditions are at variance with Canon Law and the mind of the Church.

Besides, the Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore were surely speaking for America when they enacted that priests who discover in youths the necessary signs of a priestly calling should nourish and carefully cultivate such a vocation by exhorting the boys to practices of piety and to diligent application to study and *by shielding the youths from the contamination of the world* (136).

The Third Council of Baltimore, likewise, had American conditions in mind when it reiterated in stronger language what the Synod of Trent had already decreed, viz., that every Cathedral and Metropolitan church... be obliged carefully to educate and instruct a certain number of youths in ecclesiastical discipline in some place set aside for this purpose near the church or in some other place selected by the Bishop (137).

The same thought is perhaps a little more definitely stated in the words of the Fathers of the Third Council quoting a decree of the Second, the execution of which they "most strongly urge." The decree reads:

We very much desire that there be in every diocese besides the major seminary also a minor seminary... Much good is to be derived from these minor seminaries, for indications will show from day to day what students are to be encouraged and what students are to be rejected. Besides, the youths will be protected in their most critical years from the example and life of the world, while at the same time they are preparing themselves in learning and morals for the major seminary (III, 139).

Even if conditions today are different, and new practices have been introduced into the Church in this country, there is no mistaking the firmness of the Letter of the Sacred Congregation for Seminaries and Universities to the Ordinaries of the United States, sent out on May 26, 1928, by the Most Reverend Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to this country.

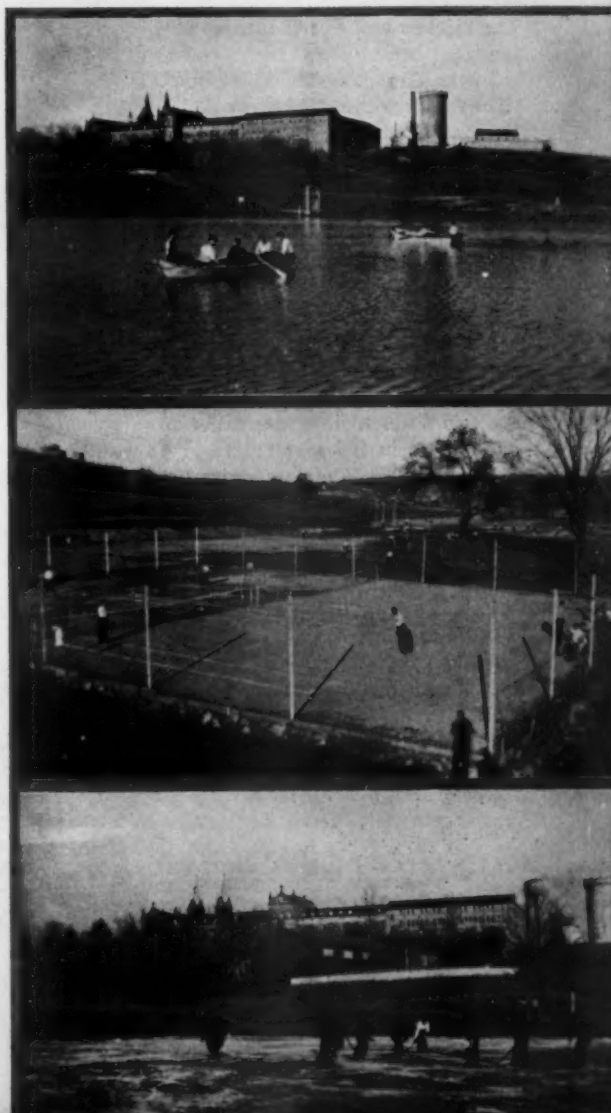
We understand that there exist in the United States over and above Seminaries properly so called, which are organized and governed according to the traditions and laws of the Church, other institutions known as Preparatory Seminaries. In many cases the students who frequent these Preparatory Seminaries attend school only during the day, spending the night at their parents' homes. Such students are required to observe special rules of conduct. Sometimes, especially if the Preparatory Seminary is located in a small city or town, it is also attended by students from outside the city who live with families approved by the authorities.

Their Eminences, having in mind the lack of experience on the part of youth who are so easily led away by the bad example of others, believe firmly that the training of young men who aspire to the sanctity of the priesthood should be safeguarded more adequately than it can be under such circumstances. They, therefore, after mature deliberation have decided: 1. That Preparatory Seminaries which now exist in smaller cities shall be changed by degree into Minor Seminaries, where students reside both day and night under the watchful care of responsible Superiors. 2. In the larger centers, likewise, the Preparatory Seminary shall be changed into a Minor Seminary.

Loyal Catholics, then, will not sacrifice or endanger vocations by exposing them to unnecessary hazards simply for reasons of economy. They will regard money spent on the training of seminarians as an investment with a high rate of interest, payable not indeed to the individual, but to the whole Church. They will regard it as a contribution toward the education of their priests; they will, above all, regard it as a tribute of obedience to the Holy See, even though such obedience means sacrifice in other fields.

Young men and boys who feel within themselves the call to serve God in the priestly state, after prayer and consideration, should consult their parents and their pastors regarding the proper procedure. The pastor will advise the youth whether in his case it is good to foster the desire or to direct his interests into some other channel. If any boy feels an attraction for the priesthood and the religious life, the pastor will give him the address of the nearest house of the Order or Society in which he is interested.

Minor Seminary Recreation Grounds
St. Meinrad, Indiana



The Warrior

Johanna O'Day

THE DOOR flew back with a bang. Johnny charged over the threshold. "Uncle Tim? Oh, by gosh, I meant to be home in time to get dinner ready." His long legs bounded through the kitchen door. "Gee I'm sorry."

Uncle Tim, a blue gingham apron tied around his lean frame was standing at the sink, his shirt sleeves rolled high on his sinewy-corded arms, his shirt collar gaping, tie hanging. It had been a hot June day. The kitchen was like the inside of the roast-baking oven.

Uncle Tim grinned at Johnny. "That's all right. I saw you drilling your company, working hard on your school parade ground as I came by." He rubbed the back of his hand across his own trickling forehead. "Go and wash your dirty mug. Hurry! I'm dishing up!"

Johnny was a Senior at a Catholic high school. The school was very proud of its R. O. T. C. Johnny was a lieutenant.

Uncle Tim, like Johnny's dead father, was in the regular army; he worked in the city's army headquarters, wore "civies" except for "occasions."

Johnny's voice came above the roar of soap and water in the bathroom—"those kids—lot of butterfingers—dropping their guns all over the place—put them through the manual of arms fifty times if I did it once—"

Uncle Tim gingerly angled the finger-scorching bowl of corned beef hash onto the dining room table.

Johnny slid into his place at the table. He heaped his plate as soon as Uncle Tim said Grace.

Uncle Tim pressed wearily his hands on the table in order to rise, "Darn it, I forgot—"

Johnny's big hand shoved the thin shoulders of the elderly man back in the chair, "I'll get it!" He was in the kitchen, "What do you want?"

"The milk. And the salt. Oh, and the angel food cake! In the pantry!" shouted Uncle Tim.

Uncle Tim and Johnny ate hungrily, grinning

companionably across the table at each other. Uncle Tim shook his head, "There's one thing wrong, Johnny, the two of us batching it together since you were a small fry, we haven't had much chance for decent manners. Doggone I wish you wouldn't take such big bites!" Irritable, "Think you hadn't eaten for a week!"

Johnny mumbled, "Farley and I drilled company all luncheon hour. I've not only gotta whip my company into shape, but the lieutenant's in C company are absolutely lousy. Farley, being Major, is responsible that all the companies make a decent showing at graduation next week." Proudly, "So he asked me to help him." Johnny glanced at Uncle Tim to enjoy the look that sprang into the man's face.

For Uncle Tim ruffled his fringe of white hair distractedly and beamed as if a Croix Guerre had been pinned on his chest. "Fine experience for you, drilling other companies than your own. How often did you fall over your

sword today?"

"Aw!" Johnny growled.

When Johnny's books were stacked beside his chair, lessons finished, he picked up his R. O. T. C. coat from the chair-back, got a box of rags and polishes from underneath the kitchen sink. Wrapping three buttons in cloth, he smeared them with salve. Uncle Tim closed his Irish History, going to his gun cabinet, got out an antique gun he was working on.

"Father Richard, the principal, said Farley and I got C company licked into better shape already with just that one hour drilling! He talked to us quite a long time, took us up to his office, yes, sir! You know usually he's awfully stern and cold." Johnny shook his tousled head, "But today, gosh, he was just swell, Uncle Tim."

Uncle Tim rubbed the blue barrel of the old rifle, his hands encircling it, pulling the cloth up and down. "Well, don't go wasting too much time. You see you get your own Company pounded in



shape. Senator Blankfish is coming out for graduation. Got a letter today, promising he would." Soberly, proudly, Uncle Tim looked at Johnny. "He's got two West Point appointments in his pocket, Johnny."

The polish frosted dry on his buttons, Johnny began brushing them vigorously. But he didn't raise his eyes. "That's what Father Richard was talking to us about, Uncle Tim. What were our plans, what we are going to try and be after we get our high school diplomas next week."

Uncle Tim was so startled the gun and the rag slipped from his fingers onto the floor. "But Johnny, it's been decided for years—an army career like your father!"

Johnny gave his uncle a fleeting glance.

Uncle Tim thought, the boy has doubts about wanting to study for the army! Uncle Tim rubbed the palm of his hand across his forehead and stared at Johnny.

Johnny was brushing the buttons of his tunic with swinging intensity. "You won't get mad if I say something, will you? Look, I know the army's important, but do you think it's the most work a man could do in this world?" He raised his eyes, puzzled, anxious, to Uncle Tim.

Uncle Tim leaned down and picked up the old gun. What in the name of God was the boy driving at? He muttered, "There are several important jobs for a man to spend his life at, Johnny. Doctoring, for instance, or men who build bridges. Or—" The Captain stopped and looked at Johnny.

Johnny leaned over and noisily snapped the locks on old rifle barrels. "What about being a priest, Uncle Tim?"

As the words seeped into the older man's mind, he felt as if a giant fist had crashed against his breast. His voice was harsh. "That's—that's the important work in the world, Johnny." Picking up the oil rag he rubbed the gun with jerking hands.

For some minutes Johnny sat in silence, head bent low, his hands busy.

Suddenly smoothing the polishing paste on his belt buckle with the care of abstract thinking, Johnny spoke, his head jerking up.

"Uncle Tim, I've—I've felt badly lots of times lately thinking about how you gave up that expedition to China and then two years ago you gave up that appointment to an outpost at Guam, too." Johnny's young voice was slow. There was hurt concern in his eyes. "Having me to take care of has just ruined your career, advancement. Gosh!"

The captain was upset. He could only snarl, "Nuts! You're crazy, Johnny!"

Johnny shook his head. "I know, Col. Murphy told me." Earnestly, "Why didn't you put me into an institution 15 years ago, Uncle Tim?"

Uncle Tim's lean body fidgeted. Finally, "Johnny, listen—listen, living in order to love and take care of someone is the only way to live, honest."

Johnny cleared his throat twice, "You gave up too darn much for me."

Uncle Tim was stunned. Johnny's lips were twitching as the boy ducked his head.

"You'll be on the pension list before I'm through at West Point, won't you?"

"Yes, next year. But that's not so old." Hastily, "Hey, don't go worrying about me, Johnny—I won't be one of these lonely old men you've seen killing themselves to stretch their tiny pension." Capt. Tim looked into Johnny's worried eyes, "I've always been all right. I'll be all right."

Johnny looked relieved. "Sure, I'll be your family, Uncle Tim. I'll have me a nice wife and barrel of kids. Boy, you'll wish you could be lonesome once in a while to get away from the noise!"

Uncle Tim's heart was so warmed his lips shook timorously. But he managed a foxy grin and yelled, "'Around the corner and under a tree'—"

Johnny who was always infuriated by the 'gallant Major' song, flung himself on the white-haired man, in playful wrestle.

In bed that night Uncle Tim lay stiff and cold. His mind was spinning in sick circles.

Uncle Tim in the hour of the night when fears swell from toy balloon to dirigible size was thinking of Johnny's face when the boy spoke of priests.

A group of cadet officers



Uncle Tim kept telling himself he was crazy, crazy. But the swollen fear did not stop in his heart. He knew Johnny's hunger and interest in idealism!

The elderly man found himself praying in the hysterical fear of the night, "Christ, Christ! You can't have him. He's mine, mine. I built him, blood and bone.

Uncle Tim jerked erect in bed, his wrist bones supporting him. "Christ, please, please don't put this into Johnny's heart. Please just let it be just my imagination what I saw in his eyes."

Uncle Tim threw his arm over his face. The cold from his limbs had crept to his heart, it was stone in his chest. His last thought was, "Christ, how much sacrifice do You think You can demand from a man?"

The next morning Tim woke haggard. He looked through the open door into the adjoining room. Johnny lay on his stomach his head off the bed, the bed clothes up over his neck, his bare legs sticking out into the cold. Uncle Tim thought, in the name of glory how could the boy sleep in such discomfort!

"Johnny! Johnny!" Uncle Tim snarled, then shouted, "Wake up, will you? It's a quarter of seven! Johnny!"

Johnny lay as one dead. One naked foot twitched feebly, then was still.

Uncle Tim climbed stiffly out of bed. As he shook the big shoulders, slapped Johnny on the buttocks with the pillow, yelling stridently (a thought of relief like a drink of cold water flashed through Uncle Tim's mind. The night's misery was unreal. He was crazy. Johnny had no more notion—why he was crazy).

Johnny rolled over in bed with a pathetic whimper. But never opened his eyes.

Uncle Tim shouted, "All right. I'll sock you with a wet wash cloth!"

Johnny growled feebly. "I'm up!" His eyes closed again.

"Dripping cold!" Uncle Tim started for the bathroom. By the time he was shaved, Johnny would be slowly roused. It usually took about three more trips!

Uncle Tim was jamming oranges into the electric squeezer and yelling for Johnny to hurry,

when he heard strange sounds in the next room.

Uncle Tim swung open the bedroom door.

Johnny, long bare legs jutting from his shorts, black tie, shirt cuffs meticulously fastened, officer's hat on his head, sword in hand, the blade clean and upright, was stalking down the room. A parade-ground snarl rising from his throat, "Left! Right! Left! Right! Company, halt! Present arms!" the sword came swinging in a half arc and touched the peak of the hat smartly, "Attention!"

Sensing Uncle Tim, he turned, "Pretty good, eh?"

"Yes. Particularly without the pants!" Uncle Tim grinned at him tenderly, "Here, give it to me. Now, watch! Get your pants on at the same time, too! Watch!" Swift and graceful as a fencer, Uncle Tim swung the sword, "Don't swing your elbows out so far! Bring the sword up smarter!"

Immersed in drilling, Uncle Tim suddenly yelled. "Glory! You know what time it is? It's seven thirty!" He raced for the boiling over coffee pot.

Johnny yelled, "Say, Uncle Tim, you've got a red tie on with your blue shirt. Gee, you can't do that. Put on my blue tie."

Uncle Tim was pouring his coffee, "This one's all right!"

Johnny bounced in, tore the tie from his uncle's neck and began tying the blue silk, "My gosh, you've gotta look stylish when you wear 'Civies,' Captain MacNeal. Hold still."

Long-leggedly they strode down the side-walk to the street car, Johnny's books and sword slipping and clanging together.

Johnny reflectively rubbed his sleeve across the gold sparkle of his chest buttons. "You know—I think it must be awful hard for priests not to wear anything but black. Gee, I should think they'd hate black!"

The ice around Uncle Tim's heart began to move up towards his throat; he mumbled, "I guess the black is part of the discipline of being a priest, Johnny."

Johnny gave a whoop. "Golly, here comes our street car! I'll run ahead!"

Johnny gave Uncle Tim a heave up onto the street car platform.

Uncle Tim gasped, "Doggone, Johnny, you're almost too strong."

Uncle Tim's eyes were dim as he stared at the giant thigh seated beside his; he stared up at Johnny's face, the soft round cheek-line not yet angular with manhood. Was it only a few more mornings they'd be together like this?

1939 Marmion Rifle Team



Uncle Tim rubbed his face with his hand. Oh, Christ, it's just a bad dream. Oh, please, please don't—don't—

Graduation was on Sunday. They called it Citizenship Day at Johnny's military academy. The Bishop celebrated High Mass, with the choir singing Gregorian Chant. Mass was celebrated outside under a gold canopy, the river flowing at the foot of the green terraces.

The graduation class in formal full-dress uniforms went up to Communion; then the proud mothers and fathers followed.

Uncle Tim knelt polished and austere in his captain's uniform; his heart and eyes kept wandering over to the row of uniformed boys.

Johnny held himself so well and looked every inch his father's son. Uncle Tim polished his glasses again.

As he knelt sternly erect Uncle Tim planned, bliss warm as sun-light in his heart; because the Headmaster had informed him this morning: Johnny was assured one of the West Point appointments!—Uncle Tim (sure Johnny *would* get it) had already arranged a transfer to the West Point post! They'd be together the years of Johnny's education. Then with Uncle Tim advising, the lieutenant's bars, the Captains, then the Major's gold maple leaf, would be on Johnny's collar! Why Uncle Tim had known a man who was a Major at twenty-nine! Uncle Tim grinned, hid his head in his hands.

The graduates marched out down the grassy aisle preceded by the Faculty.

The teacher-priests so tall and strong in their cassocks, the heavy girded black serge, the long, dignified line of the scapular, the hood thrown back in ample folds at the nape of the neck, they seemed men of strength, men striding forward to imperative, demanding work. For a minute Uncle Tim felt that he and all the others in that assembly were feathers easily tossed by the wind. Only these men in their heavy black robes were too weighted, their feet too firmly fixed in the earth to be stirred by the winds of emotion and fear. The teacher-priests strode past.

Uncle Tim felt as if he had been dropped beneath a Niagara of icy, chilling water. Sheer cold fear. As an icy wave breaks and seeps down through sand of the sunny beach, so fear seeped down, froze Uncle Tim's warm pride and happiness. Uncle Tim buried his face in his hands. You can't have him! Christ, Christ, you can't have him. Leave him to me, leave him to me!

Uncle Tim looked at Johnny,

marching proudly by, sword buckled to his side.

Then the older man looked at the tabernacle, vowed, I'm going to keep him, Christ, I'm going to keep him with every hold I have on him.

Uncle Tim pressed his head in his hands. Christ, Christ, I want him. I want my Johnny.

After a bit he felt a raw-boned young hand on his shoulder. Johnny's whisper was anxious, "You feeling all right, Uncle Tim?"

Uncle Tim nodded his head. Keeping his eyes down, he turned stiffly around to search for his hat on the bench.

"Had me scared for a minute when I didn't see you out at the parade grounds. I sneaked out. Gosh, I'll have to scoot back." Joyously, "We're going to give you the swellest drill and Field day you ever saw! Come on!" As he turned Johnny muttered ominously, "If one of those kids in my Company drops his gun or does an about face the wrong direction—golly!"

Uncle Tim mumbled thickly, to show interest. "How is Company C?" "Lousy!" Johnny hissed back over his shoulder, loping off across the grass.

They were driving home in the golden sunset, after the day's excitement. Johnny turned to a wooded lane bright with evening light and leaf-glow. "Do you mind if we stop a minute, Uncle Tim? I've got to—I've got to talk to you."

Uncle Tim and the long-legged boy seated themselves on the edge of the creek, the sunset gilded the water. But tree shadows hung in the deep pools.

Uncle Tim felt rather breathless.

Johnny, not meeting his uncle's eyes said, "Uncle, look—look, I want to ask you something. It's sort of hard to say. I want to tell you but—but I don't want to hurt you awful. We planned—you planned for so many years—but the last two months I've been thinking—the army seems sort of play-boy, dressed up, compared to—" Then in a burst of words, looking his uncle straight in the eyes, Johnny mumbled, "Would you mind terribly, Uncle Tim, if I tried being a priest? Would you mind, Uncle Tim?"

The man looked straight and firmly back into the anxious youthful eyes, "There is nothing that would make me prouder. Nor happier, Johnny."

Company "A" of Marmion Battalion

Advantages of Living by a Religious Rule

Henry Brenner, O.S.B.

RELIGIOUS have reason to rejoice at many things. There is one thing, however, that gives them more cause for rejoicing than anything else—that they have a Rule whereby to live honestly and virtuously. What is it else to them but God Himself, since it leads them to Him so surely?

Behold how worldlings show their irksomeness at God's holy service, by not loving to read of and consider their religious duties. But a good religious loves his Rule and it is often found in his hands.

Water to soak the ground, and reading to soften the heart. As the enemy of uncleanness is water; so that of ignorance is knowledge. A religious must every day read something of how to serve God and become perfect and happy. How can he fail therefore to reach more and more the state of Adam's innocence?

The Rule of a religious person is, as it were, the Gospel for him; for it teaches him the Gospel in a masterly way. This is why he often reads and studies it. The good pupil reveres and loves his master. So does the good religious his Rule; he knows that love is all-powerful, that wisdom is its companion and innocence its inseparable effect.

O how they who learn the arts and sciences, search for the knowledge which they need! How many hours they give to its acquisition! How many distractions they avoid for its sake! How many pleasures they despise for love of it! How they persevere and hold on through all difficulties and hindrances till they have perfected themselves there! O would that many of these were instead students of the divine law! Would that they might choose it as their art, their profession, their science, their everything! And indeed what will all else profit them if

they have not that lifeblood of the soul—the knowledge of God and His ways?

The Purpose of the Various Religious Rules

EVERY religious Rule has a purpose—O what a different one from that of vain men and their writings! Every word therein reaches, as it were, to the very soul, teaching, correcting, exhorting, and leading to heaven! Who can find vanity in any of them?

O how men ought to love and follow that which leads them to God! Its value is His own worth! To a religious his Rule is his friend indeed, his passport to heaven, his whole and certain hope. What power there is in a purpose which being good is well carried out! This is indeed true greatness!

See the long rows of holy religious men and women who have sanctified themselves by observing perfectly their several Rules! How happy they now are in heaven!

An exemplary religious has more ends than one in view. But there is one that governs all the rest; it alone shall last in its effects for all eternity—the perfect observance of his Rule. For it at last can make him a saint.

All the occupations, the duties, the ambitions of the Saints have fallen to the lot of other men; but the performance of the Will of God has remained with them for ever and ever. For the Will of God perfectly performed makes saints on earth and rulers in heaven.

There are many things required for a journey; but most necessary of all is a guide to show us the way. Heaven is our goal. O that all men would desire to reach their goal more! Then would they also increase in their appreciation and love

of the many religious Rules approved by our holy Mother the Church.

What tiny little books these Rules are! Yet they have changed the lives of more men and women than all the bulky volumes of the philosophers. What has Cicero done for our souls? His admirable writings have not changed our hearts; but the teachings of the various religious Rules have converted myriads from sin and vice! Powerful little books, how many owe their souls to you!

The Religious Rules Hold to the Golden Middle Way of the Gospel

RELIGIOUS can well thank God that by His grace they are not among the victims of the modern religious sects, which spring up in a day and have no ancestry to look back upon! God has not done for everyone what He has done for religious!

Humanly devised religions are either too lenient or too severe. Christ's Gospel alone keeps the golden middle way. And the Founders of the religious Orders, themselves following the Gospel perfectly, have said to others: "Come, do likewise!" A religious has all things necessary written down for him. He need not search for the truth.

Man has a body and a soul. His willing soul must be encouraged with loving exhortation and consideration; his body, however, must be kept in servitude, because it is stubborn and slothful. But the religious can say in all truth: "My holy Rule cares well for both my body and my soul."

The Difference Between the Spirit of the Religious Rules and that of the World

ONE OF the oldest religious Rules, in closing its exhortations,

speaks thus: "Whosoever thou art, who hastenest to the heavenly fatherland, accomplish with the help of Christ this Rule which we have marked out."

Now read what the worldling says: "Come therefore, and let us enjoy the good things that are present, . . . let us fill ourselves with costly wine, and ointments, . . . let us crown ourselves with roses, before they be withered: let no meadow escape our riot. Let none of us go without his part in luxury." (Wis. 2:6-9)

These words are to the foregoing text what a falling rock is to a soaring eagle; the one rises, the other hastens downward. The one is like a king's sceptre which wields power; the other like a grave which is the picture of impotence. The one resembles a magnificent banquet, where all good things are spread out to eat; the other a corpse, which excites only disgust and nausea.

Shall the eagle cease to soar because the rock is heavy? Shall the sceptre cease ruling because the grave is weak? Shall the banquet be abandoned because a corpse is near? The eagle can soar without the rock; the sceptre can rule without the grave; the banquet can take place without the corpse.

Let us think on these things. They contain deep truths.

How Good it is for Fallen Nature to Observe a Religious Rule

THE OBSERVANCE of law is order; and order brings peace. A well-ordered conscience is the assurance of a happy interior. Ought not then the joy of a good conscience move men to embrace one or the other of these holy religious Rules, which make for the highest order possible on this earth?

The miser gloats in his heart over both the money which he is already in possession of, and that which is yet coming to him. So does the good religious person glory silently within himself, and in God, asking Him for still greater innocence. For

an upright conscience is the secret of all happiness.

All good religious, having actually professed one of the approved Rules, are actually observing it. Their life is indeed a living Rule. The least regulations of that Rule are to them nothing less than the most adorable Will of God; for they are such in very fact.

Religious are busy fleeing from privileges, which deceive men so often; from excuses, that lay so many low; from the inspirations of

and his life? With the pious Ruth, he says to his Rule: The Lord do so and so to me, and add more also, if aught but death part me and thee! (Ruth 1:17) Or thus he cries out in the burning words of the prophet: If I forget thee, O my holy Rule, let my right hand be forgotten! (Ps. 136)

You have not chosen me, said our Savior, but I have chosen you. Hence it is no little thing to have received so high a vocation. Unfortunate he who follows not the call!

The greater the gift, the more culpable and shameful the ingratitude.

A good religious hates all faults against his Rule; because they hate God. Did not the royal prophet address God thus: Have I not hated them, O Lord, that hated thee? (Ps. 138) He adds: I have hated them with a perfect hatred: and they are become enemies to me.

A good religious feels downcast if his Rule is not observed, or if its spirit begins to grow cold. It is as if part of his own body was losing its warmth and life.

To Observe a Rule is Better Than to Follow One's Whims

WHAT is better than obedience? King Saul was not rewarded for the sacrifice he offered, because it was contrary to God's wishes; therefore he was blamed by the Prophet Samuel for doing what God had not told him to do.

Thus there are many that serve themselves rather than God. For pride is always at the root of self-will. Worldlings often throw off God altogether. But a humble religious man does what is told him, each day as well as he can. His wages are always increasing.

Some think that God is only pleased with extraordinary things. How foolish! He never did command these in the Scriptures; but the easy, ordinary ones He did command, and insisted on them. The interior quality is what He considers. Thus our Lord said that to



the devil, that prove the obstacles to so many graces.

O sloth of fallen nature, which leaves worldlings nothing at sundown but their own misery, lack of interior peace, distaste for prayer, and general poverty of soul!

How Good Religious Love their Holy Rule

WHAT is more indelibly imprinted on the memory of a good religious than the discipline of his Rule? What is more deeply imbedded in his heart? To what is he more willing to give his time, his energy,

give a thirsty person a drink of water for love of Him would reap a very rich reward. Is it not therefore better for a man to observe a religious Rule exactly in every particular, even though he do no more, than to perform extraordinary deeds for his own glory in the world and to the detriment of his soul?

The Observance of a Religious Rule and Active Works

IF A religious observes his Rule perfectly, it is much; but still greater it is, if he performs active work every day, and still observes his Rule perfectly. And such magnanimous servants of God there are many! By observance of their Rule they sanctify all their active works.

Those who first gain a reputation for activity, are scarcely known to sanctify themselves afterward; but they who are first known as holy men, develop by and by a most indefatigable activity. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you, said Jesus. Why do we not believe His words?

Why is it that some prefer active works, as laymen outside of religion, to the observance of a religious Rule? Often because they are wanting in the inner spirit of all religious Rules, which is prayer. A true religious is glad to have a frequent opportunity to pray.

Did not our Lord tell us to pray all the time? This is the contemplative or mystical life. With a religious the contemplative element—prayer—is the secret of the active element, labor. O how zeal for prayer can make a man work! Why? Because prayer means the death of sloth! Activity gives to contemplation only a more wholesome flavor. For to work is natural to man. "Homo nascitur ad laborem." (Man is born to labor). Yet what is work without prayer? Even heathens and sinners work most assiduously, but do they pray? The religious, however, could never be a religious without praying.

How a Religious Rule Protects a Man Even in the Midst of the World

THE RELIGIOUS, when he leaves his chosen home and goes on necessary business into the world, does not leave his weapons behind. His poverty, his piety, his obedience, etc., go along with him everywhere.

His poverty is a weapon for him on his journeys, because it shields him from the first great evil of the world—avarice; because it keeps

it regulates his every step; holds him gently to his duty; keeps him from wasting time on vanities; and precludes effectually the third great evil of the world—the pride of life, or the desire of passing honors and unbridled liberty.

Behold then, how good God is to religious, and how well armed they are against the onslaughts of the enemies of salvation!

A Religious Rule Enjoys the Highest Authority

TRUE obedience asks no questions! True obedience is zealous for the command, not for an excuse against it. True obedience ascends to the fountain-head of all authority, considering the divine source.

The water is good as it bubbles out of the earth, and we care not for the passages through which it has flowed. So does the true religious subject himself to the authority of Christ, no matter through what instrumentality it comes to him. For superiors are only enforcers of the Rule they represent.

A good religious does not stir the water, lest it become muddy. For he knows that when a man begins to ask questions and to hesitate, then does the sweet water of obedience turn into bitterness, as so often happens in the world.

O what happiness is hidden in the love of right authority! What joy is waiting to fill and inebriate a man when he leaves the world, and begins to empty himself of self-love, shaping himself on a pattern—a Rule!

If men could only appreciate the truth of this matter, they would then realize how foolish they are for not valuing as they should the treasury of wise instructions and holy directions contained in the Rules which the holy Founders of the Religious Orders have given us. But thus it often is; we look upon our best friends as bores!



him among the poor and lowly; because it prevents him from seeking the company of the rich and worldly, with all their vanities; because it hinders him from obtaining passing pleasures.

Piety is especially a weapon for him while abroad, because it preserves his recollection of spirit, nourishes his prayer, keeps alive his devotion, and, by regulating his senses, particularly the eyes and ears, shields him against the second great evil in the world—the lust of concupiscence.

Obedience is above all a weapon for him when in the world, because

What Great Perfection Can Be Acquired by Observing an Approved Rule

A PATTERN for a coat, and a Rule for a religious. Every line is measured, every point taken into consideration.

Artists, if they wish to copy the great masterpieces, must take them either smaller or larger than the original; for fear that afterward there should arise a doubt which is the original. We also see actors on the stage, who impersonate their characters so well, that we cry or laugh with them, just as they please. Thus a good religious is an exact copy of his holy Founder. When he comes to heaven, the resemblance between him and his Founder will be very marked. For he who observes one of the religious Rules perfectly, inevitably becomes like to him who wrote that Rule, who himself had become like to Christ before he even thought of writing a Rule.

How good religious long for perfection! They consider nothing more worthy of their love. They have chosen once and for all between perfection and vanity. Nay, they have betrothed themselves to perfection.

The live-long day of a good religious is filled with prayers, lest he ever begin to go backward in his resolve. For he knows that sanctity, without prayer, is an exceedingly high mountain; but that with prayer, it is a little hill.

Does not St. Theresa say that prayer is the short road to sanctity? Blessed are they who find this road. In the world it is hard to find; under a Rule comparatively easy.

Without Me you can do nothing, said our Lord. But if we pray not, can we say our Lord is with us? Hardly, because we are not with Him.

It is barely possible to pray much and become perfect in the world; but it is far from probable! Because in the world a man has no Rule to keep him to the road!

The High Ascetical Perfection Offered by a Religious Rule

GOOD religious learn habitually, faithfully, and tenaciously to observe not one but all of the regulations contained in their Rule, so

that it becomes a second nature to them.

A carnal man can not enjoy a spiritual book; so also a man who is weak in any particular, so that he fails to overcome himself when the occasion offers, can not enter into the secrets of mystical theology. No one but a strong man can climb a high mountain! But in the religious state a man can become spiritually very strong.

Now, how does a religious strengthen himself? Every time he feels any repugnance to a duty, he prays fervently that God may deign to turn his sloth into love, and then he overcomes the repugnance. The next time he finds that he is stronger, and he experiences less difficulty; the next time he is still stronger and finds much less difficulty; until at length he begins actually to feel great ease and even delight in observing each and every duty, not only at the right time, but also at the right place, and—what is most perfect of all—in the right manner! Nor does he do this only when he



feels inclined thereto. Nothing can withhold him. He cries out truly with St. Paul: What shall separate me from the love of Christ? And he means every word he says. For his Rule is Christ to him. Sickness only increases his merit. Difficulties and hindrances serve only to render his will more firm and unshaken. Prayer and self-conquest are his two arms!

Behold the short way to the mystical things of God—the royal way! Shall God give His wonderful things to weaklings? God looks for strong men to wield His own strength and power; He will not give it to weaklings.

The Good Example of Observing A Rule

GOOD example takes a very important part in the building up of anything noble and valuable. For as the younger observe their elders to do, so do they also.

How beautiful, how moving, how pleasant, how worthy of all imitation is the good example of a pious religious, who in all things exhibits his holy Rule to those about him, yea, wheresoever he goes!

If men have a saint in the midst of them, who often can be seen in the depths of prayer, and whose virtues can be experienced by all—his charity, his obedience, his humility, his self-denial, how all look up to him! And if the very pictures or images of the saints wring tears from men's eyes, what would the reality do?

The Bad Example of Worldlings Who Have no Rule to Guide Them

LOVERS of the world are in many things miserably out of accord with the true spirit of their duties. The older they grow, the more liberties they take; so that it is almost better to keep silent about them than to speak of them, lest the little ones take scandal! They even live a life in disagreement with their own convictions, or principles. And after a while, those principles themselves become infected, so that very little good can be expected.

Vain worldlings ever belittle the Gospel, and twist its teachings to suit their own whim! They never tremble at the thought of the millstone!

Many a one in the world would embrace a Rule and grow virtuous and happy, were it not for evil companions. But alas, they follow suit, and themselves begin sowing cockle in the fields of wheat. And what is the result? Evil grows greater and greater in the world, happiness less and less. (To be continued)

DEFERRED DIVIDENDS

Ruth Brown

PARENTS INVEST themselves in their children without thought of financial return. If they stop to think of themselves at all, they seem to feel that they'll always be able to work and take care of themselves, but before they know it, thousands of them are old and dependent on their children.

Keener of mind than ever, free at last to seek pleasures of their own, they have no money. And hardest of all to bear, they feel a burden on their children.

But all this could be changed if the children started to pay dividends on the investment that their parents have made in them.

A few years ago, my sister and brother and I started depositing each month a certain amount in the bank to our mother's account. Father had been dead so many years, the dividends from all her other investments had run out.

We know that there were weeks when she didn't have a dollar she could call her own. Not that she was ever in need. She had good food and a comfortable room in each of our homes. We made her generous gifts at Christmas, birthdays, Mothers' Day, Easter and Valentines. Dresses that we thought would look sweet on her, more silk underwear than she could wear, fine leather handbags. . . empty.

But the thing that she wanted most of all, we never thought of—her independence. The marvel to me now is that she could have been so sweet and patient through it all. But not one word of complaint to us or anyone else.

Sometimes when old friends came to see her, they would tell how unhappy they were, living in dependence on their children. Mother let them talk, then cheered them by talking of other things. Usually I would be busy but could hear scraps of their conversation.

Then one afternoon, one of these women told a story that opened my eyes. The thing that had happened to her was happening right now to my mother . . . in my home.

My mother's friend had been living in the home of her daughter and son-in-law. She had no complaint to make of Helen or John. In her own words: They did everything they could for me but they were young and I was old. It was like trying to sew old cloth on to new. The new could stand the

strain and tear of modern living, the old had worn so thin, it couldn't.

I spent as much time as I could in my room, reading until my eyes were so tired I could hold them open no longer, sewing until I had nothing more to sew and finally ripped up good garments and made them over just for something to do. Spring was the hardest time of all the year. I thought if only I could have a flower garden, but there was no place for me to make a garden, and I didn't have money to buy seeds, if there had been.

Last spring I could stand it no longer, so when I read the ad in the paper, where a woman wanted a housekeeper-companion, I answered it and before my daughter knew anything about it, I had myself a job with a small salary and a place where I could have a flower garden.

The story ended but I wasn't listening. I was looking at my mother's face. It literally blossomed with her friend in her joy over new found independence. And in a flash I saw what we had been doing to our mother. Not just I, but my sister and my brother as well. All three of us had bound together to keep her dependent on us. She, who from all her wisdom and experience, know so well the value of a dollar, had less to spend than my fourteen year old son. Junior received an allowance every week.

Allowance! The word was all right for children but for mother who had given me so much more than I ever could repay, allowance was not the word. Then it came. Dividends—long deferred dividends.

We called a conference, my sister and her husband, my brother and his wife, my husband and I. And now every month, each of the three families deposits a check in the bank to mother's account.

Once more she is independent, writing her own checks. Not many. Her wants are few. Often, it's some little gift for us—perhaps material to embroider a luncheon set, or a bit of silk to make a scarf for one of the boys.

Nothing is ever said about these monthly dividends deposited in the bank for her. The money is simply there for her. As time goes on we hope she can even forget that we put it there, because we don't want her ever to have the idea that we are depriving ourselves to make the deposits. The money is hers. She has earned it.

CARMEL and the CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE

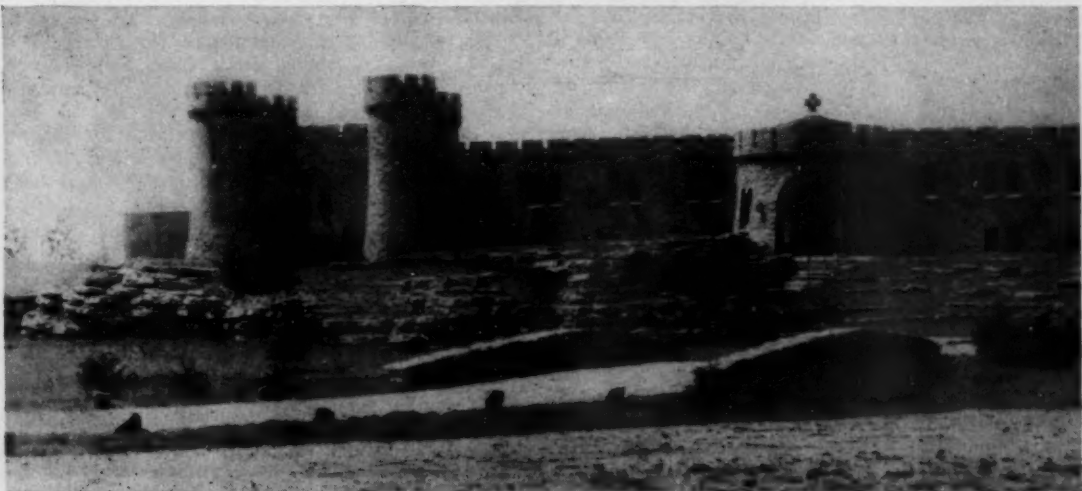
"ALBERT, by the grace of God, Patriarch of Jerusalem, to his beloved Sons, Brocard and the other Religious Hermits, who live under his obedience, near the fountain of Elias, on Mount Carmel, health in the Lord and the blessing of the Holy Ghost."—So begins the Prologue of the Rule of Carmel. Heirs of many centuries of hidden lives of prayer were these solitaires to whom St. Albert wrote in latter days, for even from time immemorial, long ages before Christ, had solitaires dwelt on Mount Carmel, holy men, watching in prayer and fasting, and dwelling apart from the world below them, where far plains stretched away in beauty and the waves of the sea lapped the shore. There, according to tradition, was erected the first chapel to Our Lady who fulfilled in herself the vision of Elias, who saw rising from the gleaming, brazen ocean the tiny Cloud which filled with life and fruitfulness the parched and barren earth. The history of Carmel in the Holy Land is interwoven with the fortunes of the Church, as through the early centuries of Christendom its solitaires endured. With the rise of Islam they sought refuge in Western Europe, severing for God their ties of kindred, and forgetful of their people and their father's house.

The Counter-Reformation gave to the Church the Discalced Carmelites as we know them today,—and St. Teresa of Spain, the charm of whose personality is only surpassed by the ardor of her glowing sanctity. "All imperfection save in love and desires," as she said of herself, she whose beautiful prayer, "*Aut pati aut mori*," has come down even to our time to awaken in loving hearts an answering response; gazing upon the seamless Garment of her Spouse, rent and defiled by heresy and sin, in anguish she besought her Lord for Him "to suffer or to die."

Heroic sacrifice and yet uncounted pain marked the seal of God's good pleasure on the foundation of Carmel in America, for to the Infant Church in the United States Bishop Carroll brought as his first nuns the Carmelites. In 1790 the tiny group, from the English Carmel in the Low Countries, settled in Charles County, Maryland, bringing to the activity of the New World the leaven of solitude and prayer: Daughters of Maryland for the most part, returning from self-imposed exile, they were one with the people to whom they came, one in hope and aspiration for the future of Catholicism in the dear land of their birth.

From the great tract of land to the West, as the

Carmelite Monastery, Cold Spring Road, Indianapolis, Indiana



Church grew and spread, were formed new dioceses and other hands carried farther and farther the blessed work of co-ordination and organization. Bishop Bruté wrote to the Carmel of Maryland, when as shepherd he bore the burden of the Lord in early Indiana, and ever prayed that these "*speciosissima lilia deserti*, lovely lilies of the desert," as he called them, might one day form part of his spiritual family to shed abroad among his children the perfumed fragrance of their lives. Today there is a Carmel in Indiana, the granddaughter of that first tiny foundation in Maryland to which he wrote with such devotion, sharing with them as he did so wholly that charity of Christ which ever presses and longs to spend and be spent for Him.

So many wonder concerning the life of Carmel and yet its day is the "day of little things." In the darkness of the early morning the wooden clapper calls the monastery from rest, and in the stillness is repeated the summons of love, "Praised be Jesus Christ, and His Virgin Mother Mary. Come to prayer, Sisters, come to praise the Lord!" For an hour in the dim Choir, in recollection and alone but for the dear God with Whom they would converse in their heart's solitude, they pray. Then the Little Hours of the Divine Office begin, and there is



Cloister Arches of Carmelite Monastery, Indianapolis, as seen through the weeping willow trees.

Mass, on great feast days a chanted Mass, sung on the high, single note which is so much a part of Carmel, the clear, solemn note which some one has called the "chant of the desert." Behind the grill which separates the Choir from the Sanctuary, unseen, the nuns are ranged in white-mantled file, and only their voices can be heard, as the blessed solemnity of the Mass proceeds, taking up with the priest their part of the words of the great sacrifice. The long feast of Carmel lasts from the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross in September until

Easter of the following year, and so from Mass they usually go to the various duties of the house, ever "striving to meditate day and night on the law of the Lord," as their Rule so quaintly phrases the ideal of labor and of prayer. Twice a day, after dinner and after the evening collation, there is an hour when they talk and work in common. At two o'clock there is Vespers, at five anew the hour of prayer alone with Him Who alone is All, and with Complin comes the Great Silence, unbroken

till the morning save by the Office of the Night, Matins and Lauds, said at nine and ever begun with the beautiful formula, "O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise!"—As in the morning, for retiring the clapper sounds again through the stillness of the cells.

* * *

"At the evening of life we shall be judged by Love," St. John of the Cross, Carmel's Mystical Doctor, has said, and love, generous selfless love which would

embrace all mankind, is in truth the life of Carmel. Led apart into the wilderness where earth's shadows are shut out, the soul may breathe in peace the high, pure air of God's dear light and the beauty of His Truth. "Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her Beloved?" Is not this the soul coming forth from her lowliness, adorned with the gifts of her Spouse? Ah, truly in the beautiful liturgy and cycle of the Church's Year may she follow the life of her Beloved through the days, ever striving to form His Image within her, until she dare cry, with St. Paul, that she no longer lives, herself, but Christ doth live in her.—"Love is a source of life," once wrote a great Benedictine, and if we draw forth this love from God so that it may be shed unfaithfully upon all the members of the body of Christ, life will superabound within our souls, for Christ will pour upon us, in return for self-forgetfulness, grace running over." For our own times, for Carmel of today the Little Flower made gloriously her own this blessed truth. "Total immolation of self alone can be called love," was the cry of her heart. The radiant shower of her roses has shown all earth what was the fullness of her "overflowing measure."

Investiture Day for a Carmelite Novice

The Lay Brother—A Forgotten Man

Ildephonse Kriedler, O.S.B.

THE REMOTE call to the Brotherhood was sent out by our Lord Himself, when He extended the invitation, "If thou wilt be perfect, leave all and follow Me." Being all-wise He certainly knew what was best for all mankind; He made the call general, and extended the invitation to all, knowing, however, that only those would "take it who can take it."

It goes without saying that the first thing a young man must do to decide his vocation is to pray for enlightenment daily and perseveringly. "A vocation to the religious life is one of the greatest favors our Lord grants a soul. He promised the hundred-fold even in this life; and He gives it too." If we should pray, and do pray, for the daily necessities of life, how much more for such an extraordinary favor as a vocation to the religious state?

Concerning the requisites for Religious, Saint Benedict states in simple words the dispositions an aspirant should have: viz., "That he truly seek God alone, that he take great interest in the spiritual exercises, and be always ready to obey and bear humiliations bravely." Saint Benedict appeals to the generous soul. These signs, however, are not as severe as they seem to be. The Reverend Edward Garesché, S.J., states the marks as follows:

The essentials of a Religious vocation are in fact merely these: One must have no impediments; he must possess the necessary health, talents and virtues, and must have the grace of God. No voice of an Angel calling one to Religion, no exceptional talent, sanctity, or heavenly sweetness are needed to call a soul to this state.

Archbishop Sheehan clearly defines the marks for or against a vocation:

In general two qualifications are required for a vocation to the Religious State, namely, fitness and correct intention. The fitness we speak of will, in

its precise form, depend on the nature of the life which the candidate desires to select. However, we set down the following qualities and aptitudes as necessary for all: a) Physical qualities: Good health and natural energy; b) Intellectual qualities: Common sense and the ability to learn all that may be required; c) Moral qualities: Absence of vice (particularly the vice of impurity) and strength of character. These qualities are partly the gift of nature, partly the gift of grace; the last mentioned, viz., strength of character, cannot be too much insisted on. All may not be clearly present from the beginning, but there should be good reason to hope for their timely appearance.

The candidate must not enter the Religious Life in order to please his parents, or to enjoy a quiet life undisturbed by family cares and business worries, or to win respect and distinction. All such intentions look merely to what is natural, and are, therefore, unworthy. To be correct, the intentions must be supernatural. It might, for instance, take any of the following forms:

a) I desire to offer myself to God to be His instrument in saving the souls of men.

b) I will carry the message of His love to distant peoples who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

c) I will follow the Religious Life, because membership in a Religious Order or Community will keep me close to God and make my salvation more secure. Were I to choose some worldly calling, I might become so absorbed in its concerns as to forget the one thing that really matters: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

Finally, the law of the Church states the requirements: "Any Catholic may be admitted into Religion, provided he is inspired by a correct intention and is fit to bear the burdens of the Religious State." Archbishop Sheehan makes the following comment on this law:

One may have a vocation to the Religious life, even though one feel something like a repugnance for it and shrink from its difficulties. In the Autobiography of St. Theresa we find these remarkable

words: "Although I could not bend my will to be a nun, I saw the Religious State was the safest and best, and thus, little by little, I resolved to force myself into it." Her case is rare, but by no means unique. Those who, like her, act in their own despite, as it were, and from a clear sense of choosing what is best usually become excellent Religious.

These words, coming from such an authority as Archbishop Sheehan, certainly carry great weight and should be fruitful of results.

These quotations show that the marks of a Religious vocation are nothing abstract or mystifying. In explanation of the mark 'morally fit,' it may be said that the aspirant must be willing to serve God, be chaste and docile. Chastity is necessary. Our kind and merciful Lord calls two classes of men to His service in the Religious Life; the innocent, who have led a comparatively pure life in the world; and the penitents, whose past life was more or less defiled with the sins of darkness. But the Good Shepherd at their side kept whispering: "Young man, you are going wrong; retrace your steps and come, follow Me in chastity, in poverty, in self-denial, and I will forget the past and enable you to become a holy penitent."

Father William Doyle, S.J., writes: "Magdalene, steeped to the lips in iniquity, became the spouse of the Immaculate; Matthew, surrounded by his ill-gotten gains; Saul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the Christians, each heard the summons, for a sinful life in the past, St. Thomas teaches, is no impediment." Nevertheless, sufficient proofs of a true conversion, before being permitted to consecrate oneself to God by the vow of Chastity, must be evident.

Among good Catholics, even at times among those who by their education and high state of life should know better, expressions such as these are passed around: "Why become a Brother? Study for the priesthood." These people forget that the Brotherhood, whether the teaching, hospital, or Lay Brotherhood, is a distinct vocation, and that in any of these classes we find noble, heroic souls. Just as in the secular professions and industries some become teachers, physicians, lawyers, engineers, pharmacists, accountants, diplomats or politicians, and among artists some follow architecture, painting, sculpturing, music, etc., whilst still others follow the practical inclinations to enter the field of artisans and became mechanics, so also in the Religious Life some wish to become priests, others teachers; some prefer the brotherhood that devotes itself to the task of taking care of the temporalities and artisanship. In our own days it was a Lay Brother who designed the Abbey Church at

Saint Meinrad. It was a Benedictine Lay Brother who founded the famous Beuronese School of Religious Art; a Lay Brother who founded the Christian Art School of Maria Laach.

Indeed heroic souls are needed for the spiritual life. Cowardice and effeminacy will not thrive in the virginal soul. The Reverend John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., says so masterfully:

The vocation of a Brother demands dutiful and brilliant virtue, unusual wisdom, and a moral stuff of which heroes are made. As the nuns turn away from the tenderness and comfort of home, from parents and family, in order that the whole world may call her Sister, so must he give up his liberty, his ambitions, and all that ordinary man most prizes, in order that all men may call him Brother. That demands heroic faith and saintly humility. And yet it is no uncommon experience to find giant figures, unusually dynamic and accomplished men, emerging from all these conditions, men who attract and hold the admiring wonder of that very world they have abandoned in order to serve a better.

That such vocations have been turned aside and that a frustrated vocation to the Brotherhood may often result disastrously both to the Church and to the individual, may be seen from the words of Archbishop Hanna:

It were surely a misplaced zeal in anyone to seek to set a boy aside from his purpose of entering the Brotherhood, even in the hope that later he might attach himself to the priesthood. Vocation is not determined by the wish or ambitions of an outside party; vocation is a call of God, and to overlook a doctrine so basic, is not unlikely to work mischief for the future of the boy as well as to the cause of the Church; too often, indeed, he will never again entertain the idea of an apostolic career of any kind while we cannot forget that our clergy, for the most part are recruited from our Catholic schools, and that without our religious teachers, Sisters and Brothers, the ranks of the clergy and our educational system, must alike suffer immeasurably.

At Night

In the solemnity of the chapel there is peace,
And a hushed soothingness in its half-lights.
Kneeling in prayer, statue-like,
Are silent worshipers, God's own friends.
Worn rosaries slip through their fingers
As they pray for strength to carry on.
Then full of hope they go out one by one,
Bravely to await the morrow—and the red light flicker-
ing
Keeps Him company there alone.

Ann O'Brien.

We Who are about to Write

by MARY LANIGAN HEALY

YOU ARE going to read our writings, because we are going to keep on turning them out until you do. In the matter we have no choice, nor indeed, have you.

You are the Catholic reading public: we are the men and women who have something to say. We do not fall into the category of "writers" when the connotation of that word carries with it a realization of sufficient profit to earn a livelihood from the plying of words. Rather we are the generation that has not yet achieved sufficient success to be known as individuals, but who by virtue of innate talent and deathless determination shall some day be so distinguished.

For reasons of His own, God placed messages, large and small, within our souls: we shall eventually release them.

Why we feel this need for self expression on paper, would be difficult to explain. So too might a dancer such as Pavlova be at a loss to verbally capture that urgent inner rhythm that led to the admiring explanation, "That feather that is Pavlova!"

Among us are aspirations to every medium of the printed page. Wheth-

er we write stories, poems, essays, articles or novels, in addition to that deep urge to write, we have yet another quality in common; an essential quality truly if we expect finally to merit editorial favor. That characteristic is the ability to accept rejection slips.

While we've never peered over any Catholic Magazine editor's shoulder as he glanced through his "unsolicited" manuscripts, we have nevertheless been given information as to the various causes of what seems to some of us, the inevitable rejection slip.

Editors assure us that they are always willing, nay, even eager to receive fresh interestingly written manuscripts. Even though the frontier of literature has been pressed from one margin right off the page, that same territory may be discovered all over again by the adventuring pens of new writers. If subjects are old then treatment and style need not be. And in this day of shifting social and economic orders, there is a need for alert and intelligent interpretation.

Any manuscript that finds its way into print is a little different from

any other that has ever been printed. Through individuality of that particular writer's pen, a fresh version has been achieved even of an old theme. The manuscript has if you will "personality." Personality is a term which could well be used in the same sense as it is popularly applied to men and women. It is difficult to know wherein lies the attraction of one whom you admire and whose company you enjoy, but unmistakably you see a quality unique to that one. At times you are sure you are drawn by a kindred intellect, then again you wonder if perhaps you are only intent on the elusive flash of a dimple or the wayward dip of a cow-lick over a lash fringed eye. So too the reading public creates "best sellers" from reasons impossible to calculate.

If we should stop to visualize our dear manuscript on an editor's desk, the hopefulness we feel for it might be replaced by pity. Such an ordeal for ideas once part of ourselves! Not only is there immediate competition from kindred papers, but from all past literature as well. Our story or article or poem may be a lovely thing in itself but lovely too

may all the others be that tumbled out of that morning's mail-bag. Or granted that our own manuscript is page and paragraph over all of its colleagues it may still fail to reach print. The files of a magazine may be in an over-stocked condition, or a similar piece of work recently presented. Any number of other reasons may lead an editor to place our paper back into our self-addressed stamped envelope accompanied by regrets and a rejection slip.

Then there is the consideration which we would-be's (will-be's, to ourselves) must at times reluctantly entertain, that our manuscript may not, in truth, be the grand opus we thought. Perhaps the ideas and plots so clear and purposeful as they fermented and boiled over within our minds, failed to bring that clearness and purpose to the written page. Feeling and knowing a thing is not always the ability to share that particular emotion or message with others.

Wherein do we fall short that we do not merit publication? It may be neither the market nor the competition but the source that induces the heartbreaking (wrenching at least) rejection slips. The flaw may be in our style, choice of words or even mechanical make-up of the manuscript. So we must look our work straight in the face and be the most severe critic it will ever encounter.

It is highly advisable that we become familiar with the publications toward which our work is slanted. Since they are all published under Catholic auspices, there is that commonness of thought and philosophy which gives us a certain security in expression. If we are grounded in the fundamentals of our religion that background is likely to be apparent in even a couplet of verse.

Consideration must further be given to the particular type of magazine to which we hope to contribute. Among our Catholic publications there are those supplied with material from the various religious communities which sponsor them, others which want articles only by assignment or invitation and a third

and larger class which welcome the free lancer if he has something worthwhile to offer.

In writing for those which fall into the category of "family magazines," (which the majority do) we find a wide and challenging field. Family! anything from a small pair of rain soaked shoes drying before the hearth to a discussion of theology before that selfsame fireplace, belongs in a family.

Where a magazine represents a specific cause or devotion, then, that fact determines much of the subject matter. Just as we do not make the rounds of the Stations of the Cross during a public recitation of a novena to the Sacred Heart, so too would it be judicious to keep in mind the saint or devotion of each publication.

Scrutiny of copies of the magazines is very helpful. Word lengths and stanza limitation can be seen; and the general tone observed.

The Catholic magazines are not only listed in current writers' market lists but there is also available a Catholic writers' market guide, which gives each editor's preferences and payment rates of two hundred publications.

In the final analysis all of these factors that help to bring our manuscripts up to editorial standards are only incidental. We must end as we began.

The important part of the whole affair of writing lies within ourselves. If we can bring it to our finger tips and release it into words, then the editors will begin sending checks as consistently as they once sent rejections.

The interval that needs must elapse before we arrive is difficult. We do feel confident that this waiting period is only an interval. So we carry on with the work-a-day tasks that are ours along with this paramount one of writing. Each morning we awaken with a new expectancy, believing that this may be the day—hoping that the little black mail-box on our front porch will open to the dream all wrapped up and delivered under a postage stamp.

Success! Livelihood from writing! That's what we expect the postman to bring. But to those of us to whom success is coming, the arrival is so gradual that we'll never know the exact moment it came. A snow fall begins in the morning and continues all day long. We do not notice the extent of the slow whitening until that evening when we place the milk bottle on the steps and inwardly wonder, "When did all of this come down!"

The analogy is weak in this: Checks do not seem to fall with the regularity and precision of the snow. They seem to flutter down more like wayward leaves from trees reluctant to see them go. Some obscure magazine uses one of our stories, then a poem slips in as a filler, then more stories and articles prove acceptable to other editors. The avocation of our leisure time becomes our means of livelihood. We hire a woman to do our housework or take a helper into the office or in extreme cases retire from other fields to devote our time exclusively to writing. Lo! We are writers!

Yes, we shall write for publication eventually. There is a need for a presentation of Christian point of view today. Those who oppose and attack Christianity do not spare the printer's ink that spatters out falsification and blasphemy. Yet, we do not intend to answer these. Rather we shall seek to give the truth in a positive manner. We are not pliers of vituperation; we are not the printed hecklers of the "'tis 'taint" school. We are concerned with declarations, not denials.

Yet, just because Catholicity underlies our every sentence, we shall not commence each manuscript "dear Brethren" nor conclude it with an "Amen." In our phrases we shall catch laughter and song as well as the sobs and tribulations of the world.

We'll write of Life in its fullest as we see it through eyes that God permits to send photographs into our fountain pens.

We who are about to write, salute you!

The DOCTOR'S HIGH CAREER

by
FRANCIS SIMS POUNDS, M.D.

IT HAS frequently been said that the highest intelligence of our country is centered in the profession of medicine. Whether this assertion is true to fact or not still remains a mooted question and one that may never be open to an answer. Yet on this point hangs a thought of some significance to the would-be doctor. Has he, or has he not, a high-grade intelligence? At the very beginning, that is a query he will put to himself—honestly, sincerely.

Intelligence is a faculty difficult to define. It is elusive in quality, complex, intangible. It is related somewhat to a native awareness, to sharp perception, ready interpretation, and the capacity to draw logical conclusion from given premises. Book knowledge may be crammed pell-mell into the mind. Education can draw out the mind's store of thought. But intelligence is over and beyond this. It seems to correlate the ability of the mind to perceive, to think, and to reason things out from chaos to order. In the last analysis, intelligence is inborn; something one has or has not.

The allusion is apt. Would you, a student on the verge of choosing a vocation—would you select the profession of medicine? If so, look first to your stock of native intelligence. Analyze, as best you may, your endowment of mentality; take inventory of your past scholastic accomplishment; prove to yourself by severe interior examination whether you possess sufficient mental equipment to master the many and diverse studies required of a student of medicine. Later, seek the advice and counsel of your superiors and directors. They will know, probably better than you do.

Not that you, as aspirant to a medical degree, need look too far ahead nor become confused to a point of indecision by an eight—or nine—year prospect. Your approach to a monumental group

of studies will naturally be gradual. Your progress will come through a step-ladder process; round by round till your degree has been attained. This sort of advance is not new to you; you have experienced it in the slow climb up the seeming mountain of learning from your beginning in the grade schools to the hour of graduation in high school studies. This step-by-step method of acquiring knowledge will come in good stead during the three years of pre-medical education; it will aid you in the arduous curriculum of four years in a medical college; it will support you throughout the one to two years of internship in a reputable hospital. And finally, with more assurance and confidence, it will carry you brilliantly and successfully through the years of your medical life. . . . Only this: "Make sure you are right before you go ahead!" Now is the day of decision. The problem to be solved is one within yourself. It has to do not only with your *status* in learning, but most of all with your native equipment—with your possibilities and potentialities, body, mind and spirit. The road is long to a doctor's high career, and the journey difficult. Are you intelligent? Are you earnest? Are you eager? Are you fit?

While no solution may be offered as to where the highest mentality functions in our national life, we must at least agree that within the doctor's bosom beats the best of human hearts. Anyone who has ever had need of a physician's services while in the throes of illness will gladly subscribe to this. Huge hearts reign—hearts throbbing in sympathy and understanding; hearts sometimes deeply concealed beneath a rough, brusque exterior, yet hearts never faltering in the alleviation of human suffering, never disloyal to duty in conserving human life. Head and heart and skilled hands all "clicking" as a harmonious whole in the cause of

human welfare—a finely balanced workman—this is the efficient man of medicine today. And to the prospective student of medicine this may well constitute the ideal he holds before his mind's eye in contemplating himself a future physician.

Head and heart and skilled hands... While it may seem not an easy, superficial matter, the estimating one's intellectual fitness for a vocation of such broad scope as the practice of medicine offers, neither is it of slight consequence to look deeply within one's self to determine if one has a heart of due proportions in the making of a doctor. Hearts differ, as do various grades of intelligence. In the making of a doctor one must find within himself a heart big enough to take on the burdens of humanity's ills, a heart responsive and tender enough to lend comfort and consolation, a heart compassionate enough to overlook the weaknesses of mankind though these be shortcomings that lead from the slime pit and issue from the veriest case-hardened sinner in the world... A huge heart. Paramountly, a heart sacrificing enough to give one's life in tribute to men, even as Another gave His life before He fully found it.

It is not so easy, as no life-course of consequence is easy. But to the student seeking a life-work of fascinating proportions and one promising high

spiritual adventure, it can become a magnificent experience and a mighty conquering of all that is base and selfish in the life of man. Here is a vocation second only to that of the priesthood. The priest is primarily a man of God, ever carrying succor of the spirit to their souls. The doctor is first, last and always a man of men. He must live, work, fight with them; sweat, bleed and die for them. Despite of stench and foulness, he must neither fear nor despise them. Always he must receive them, understand them; always he must accept them. Only thus can he serve them... The priest is ordained by a bishop and bound by a promise to a service running through life and reaching out to the gates of Eternity. The highest and greatest of vocations... The doctor is bound only by a pledge running back to an ancient concept of the physician's calling; bound by a centuries old vow formulated by the Father of Medicine—Hippocrates—first stabilizer of the medical cult; originator of professional ethics as applied to the medical man. The graduate in medicine embraces without equivocation the Hippocratic oath, whereby his life of service is dedicated irrevocably to the physical ills of men. In doing so, he assumes no religious obligations whatsoever, yet so exalted is the nature of his profession, so ennobled in



thought, word and deed, so voluntarily consecrated to duty, in justice it follows that while the unbelieving member may become a good doctor, the half-believing one a better doctor, in the long run the Catholic doctor—grounded in Christian Doctrine and supported by the practice of his Faith—may in truth become “the noblest Roman of them all!”

Alas, and notwithstanding, too often the aspirant to a medical degree is moved by ulterior motives. Too often is he enticed by mere externals of a noble profession—its dignity, its honor, its emoluments. Not seldom is he snared by the net of fame and fortune and the power of supreme authority. To one who would look deep, this is always a sad spectacle, the result of a distorted viewpoint. Always it denotes a defect in character, to end inevitably in failure. Not necessarily in material failure, but in a neglect to evaluate and realize those transcendent ideals which make of the physician's calling a thing apart from acquisitiveness and gross greed; a thing over and beyond weak vainglory; something deeper by far than the glitter and veneer of a self-indulgent, self-seeking life. Well may the novice entering upon his medical studies take heed lest he fall into the quagmire of unworthy motives. Well may he guard the most precious possession in the student's armamentarium—his personal integrity in becoming a man of medicine. If he reckons not this, the vocation he aspires to is neither for him nor in him. His choice has prematurely fallen by the wayside.

Here, if anywhere is a vocation daily asking of the devoted disciple the one, same question; namely: *How big are you?* A question of few words—simple, as all things great echo the simple. Yet a question carrying a vast meaning to the doctor; a profound message... Also, deep down within the conscientious doctor's heart a voice is calling, too—incessantly calling. The burden of its cry is this: “I serve!” In calm weather and in foul, in summer heat and in the roar of wind and storm, by black night and through brilliant day, in buoyance of spirit and in weariness that knows not rest, midst

the distractions of his own personal insecurity and the stress of family obligations, the doctor must remain attuned to this inner voice; ever he must keep himself prepared to follow its strain. How and where may he best serve? How promptly, how faithfully, how valiantly?

Nevertheless, the patient and philosophical doctor has his high moments also. The equity of compensation confers an ample reward. Predominantly, a reward to mind and spirit. Shall he not indulge himself in a rare thrill when the tide of death is turning in his patient's favor? As the soldier struggles in the heat of battle, so had he the attending physician struggled during the dark hours of conflict leading up to a crisis in the case

he guards. When comes the dawn of armistice, when peace composes the afflicted one's countenance, when comfort follows in the wake of pain, when security of life for a while longer is assured—should not the doctor hum a tune of escape, count the heart-beat of victory, let go of fear and rejoice? This, coupled with the patient's words of gratitude—is it not reward enough?

Often fighting at the front, frequently stranded in a no-man's land—solitary, beaten—a gleam of recompense lightens the field of a doctor's battle. Then it is that the shadows of obscurity give way, illuminated by the wonder of wonders—a new idea! Athwart the doctor's consciousness has flamed a new formula for an old disease. In a frenzy of inspiration he visualizes an army of hopeless, pain-hardened, despairing creatures—human, bone of his bone; flesh of his flesh—to whom will be flashed the glad tidings. To him, an humble worker with a scientific bent, has been vouchsafed a new medical discovery. Gratuitously it belongs now to an army afflicted. Their pain now will cease, their nights will know rest, their days will be glorified with hope, their lives freed of an overhanging sword of Damocles—a premature death... In the dim, silent confines of his laboratory or private office, the originator of a new treatment will ponder and doze. Has not the reward been equitable to an offering or sacrifice?

**Statement
of
Educational requirements
and other qualifications
for a Degree in Medicine**

High School (Academic) 4 years
Pre-medical: Preparatory school . 3 years
School of Medicine Curriculum . . 4 years
Hospital Internship, obligatory . . 1 year
(Optional: 1½ to 2 years.)

After graduation:

Examination by State Board of
Medical Licensure 5—6 days.

Applicant for matriculation in School of Medicine must be 18 years of age—minimum—of good character, sound physically, and endorsed by one or more licensed physicians.

Tuition varies according to grade of school. Catalog may be obtained on request by addressing Registrar.



The scene changes. A pair of hands work feverishly over a white area where exposed flesh and flowing, bright-red blood tell the story of a major operation. Trained hands, fingers facile, flexible, steadfast, guided by a superior intelligence from whose brow a white-robed nurse mops beads of salty perspiration as the minutes speed by. A surgeon is at work, pursuing his daily stunt, maneuvering, sweating, grunting perhaps, at intervals and without shame, swearing, ejaculating oaths. Obstacles have intervened, time presses, a life is trembling in the balance... Suddenly a grim voice is raised—tense, powerful—loud above the bated whisperings. Eureka! Out of apparent failure a keen mind and deft fingers have wrought a surgical miracle. The patient will live, a handicapped body will again walk free. Nothing in this to stir a master workman's cry of victory... Something more than this. In a moment of quick wit and enlightened consciousness, a new procedure has been devised, a new method initiated, a life-saving change of strategy in a life-losing operation. A signal discovery. Henceforth the world of surgery will open eyes and cup an ear. Thereafter a world of underprivileged cripples will listen at long distance. And later, a multitude will hasten and come hither—to be healed and made whole... A surgeon's streak of luck. A doctor's compensation.

Not that one and all of the doctor's experiences are as thrilling. Yet when of milder aspect, they often hold an appeal to his intellect and provide an uplift for dull care. Who, for instance, would scorn the riches of countless friendships—contacts enjoyed in his professional life and “bound by hoops of steel” down succeeding years? Friendships, and attachment of tried and true families to whom he has rendered service, sometimes to the second and third generation—may he value these lightly? His association with confreres of long standing becomes a source of delight. Their hearty

evaluation of his attainments, their real interest in his favorite programs, their encouragement and support of his dearest dreams—these ease the tension of a highly competitive life and raise his morale. Ingrate indeed would he be did not his heart lift in gratitude and praise for the many compensating blessings strewn along the way. A too varied and strenuous existence for the faint in heart, but to a heart strengthened by “all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy,” an existence which looms as a glorious adventure and a sublime calling even to the end.

In this fragmentary review of one man's reactions to a noble profession, the student contemplating a medical career may have gathered a modicum of fact and a bit of fancy. No two men react in a similar or exact manner. Therefore, it becomes the aspiring student's privilege to weigh the subject *pro* and *con*, to count advantages and disadvantages, to judge the bitter and the sweet. The perfect life, the ideally fitted vocation, the wholly satisfying existence, remain yet to be found. Within the student himself lies hidden the God-implanted germ which shall fructify and flower into the career best adapted to his individual gifts. Within his secret heart lies the choice. Should that inspired choice lead him at length to the gates wide ajar upon the completion of his medical curriculum—a fully qualified physician—then let him offer up his life-work to the honor and glory of God, let him pledge himself to the highest ideals of his chosen vocation, let him repeat in a serious and solemn voice the oath of an ancient Greek, the father-physician Hippocrates:

“With purity and holiness will I pass my life and practice my art. While I continue to keep this oath inviolate, may it be granted me to enjoy life, respected by all men. But should I break through and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot.”



Mary's Shrine at Telgte, Germany,
where the Community of the
Hospital Sisters of St. Francis was
founded.

The End of a Prayer

O. S. F.

PADRE Christopher bowed low over the white Host. "Hoc est enim Corpus Meum." He said the words slowly, and—God rested in his hands. He paused in the great drama of the Mass, scarce a moment. His eyes resting on the Sacred Host filled with tears. But, the tears were enough. They were a prayer which God alone knew and understood, for God alone could fathom the one great desire in the heart of the Priest: the desire to have a Community of Sisters, followers of the Little Poor Man of Assisi, serving the needs of poor and sick. He had laid his plans, had had them approved, and had begun to carry them out in 1844. Then the well-meaning Bishop changed his mind and planned otherwise. Padre Christopher would have other work to do. And the Community? Well—he'd take care of that. The Padre acquiesced submissively to his Bishop, yet, his heart was with the little group of Sisters he had banded together in Mary's Shrine at Telgte, and with whom he had borne the first hard days of poverty and distress.

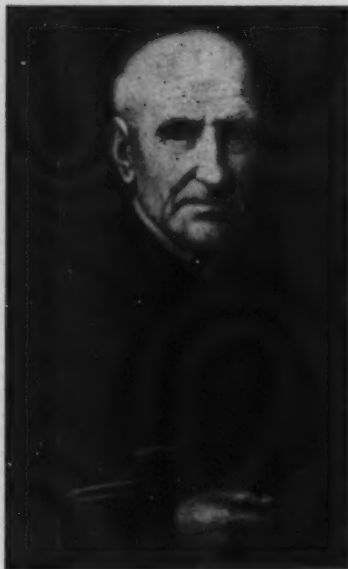


But now, after his persistent prayers had reached Heaven day after day for almost half a dozen years, God answered.

The Bishop called for Padre Christopher; he could resume his work with the Community. It had not been faring so well—the Sisters were not agreed on several points—some, advised from without, thought it best to give up the work, and well, perhaps he could do something about it. Padre Christopher could! Like a tender mother taking back her sick, lost child into her arms, he took back the infant Community, reinstalled the original Franciscan ideals, renewed the fervor of the Sisters, guided the work among the poor and sick, and then—again another Director came to take his place.

Padre Christopher waited. Perhaps he would be needed again. But, he wasn't, that is, not on earth. God needed him in Heaven to fill a throne long in preparation.

The Community grew. Its Franciscan Founder was now at a point of vantage. From heaven he could



Padre Christopher, O.F.M., whose fervent zeal overcame all difficulties in founding the Order.

Rule, (according to the desire of Padre Christopher) based on the Third Rule of St. Francis, was sent to Rome and returned with Apostolic Approval—the seal of God's approval.

The primary reason for the founding in America in 1875 was to have a place of refuge for the Sisters in case the threatening rumors of religious persecution then rampant should break into reality and they should be forced out of Europe. The "refuge" has not been needed as such.

The Americans smiled when they observed the first band of twenty foreign Sisters trying in vain to make themselves understood with a few chance words of broken English. They smiled when the Sisters, not knowing the value of American money, laid down a dime for a dollar's worth. And the Sisters smiled back in happy simplicity—"the Americans were good to them!"

The Community came first to the Alton diocese in Illinois and finally centered in Springfield. There the Ursuline Sisters opened their hospitable doors and gave the strangers a home until they could purchase some semblance of a hospital. Three years later the first St. John's began its work.

Times were hard then. At first the Sisters had to use the floor for beds and their cloaks for covers. Padre Christopher must have often interceded when the food supply ran low, or when there was no money left to buy fuel for the stoves in winter. The Sisters had to resort to the means of livelihood

watch its growth, its difficulties, its needs. And he was near enough to God, and powerful enough with God to keep disaster, material and spiritual, at a distance. By 1900 the Sisters, officially now, The Hospital Sisters of St. Francis, numbered in the thousands with more than a hundred houses in parts of Europe and America. In 1901

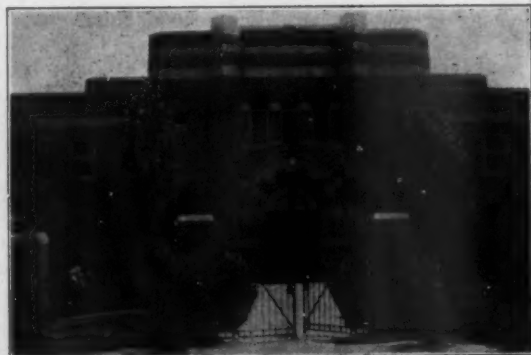
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used by the poorest of the poor—they had to beg from door to door. But all the while they worked: they cared for the sick in their homes, and in the hospitals which they began to build, one by one, in other parts of the States.

The years rapidly passed—almost fifty. And how the Lord had blessed them! The American province was firmly established having more than a dozen branch houses, a School of Nursing, its own Motherhouse and Novitiate, and, it was blessed with a Director and a Mother Provincial one at heart with Padre Christopher. Some thank-offering had to be given to God for all the blessings of these fifty years! And what better could be offered than one which would give Him glory not only for a day, but for all eternity? Plans were made. The Director, Father Straub, hurried off to China. And when the golden jubilee bells rang out the Community began its work in the foreign mission field as a thanksgiving to God.

God reciprocated in 1930, bestowing upon the Motherhouse in Springfield the privilege of Perpetual Adoration—a great grace for an active Community.

In 1944 the Community, in Europe, America, and Asia—for it is one—will celebrate its hundredth birthday. In Telgte, the birthplace of the Order, an old grave with a weathered stone at its head will be honored—the grave of Padre Christopher. From heaven the Padre will look down upon the tree which was once his mustard seed. He will see his Franciscan ideals still loved and cherished; he will see his Sisters spread over three continents one in heart and purpose; he will see the Community born in his great Franciscan heart, following in the footsteps of the Little Poor Man of Assisi, serving the poor, the sick—suffering humanity for the sake of Christ.



The Convent Gate of the Provincial Motherhouse at Springfield, Illinois

A Stepping-Stone to Good Jobs

Clinton Henry

"STENOGRAPHY is girl's work. It never pays enough to live on. Why waste your time."

Such were the remarks thrown at me when I attended a commercial school to learn shorthand and typing.

Girl's work it may be, but young men would be well advised to give the girls serious competition for jobs as stenographers and secretaries. For in my case has proved to be both insurance against unemployment and a stepping-stone to good jobs.

As for not paying enough to live on, my stenographic knowledge kept me well fed throughout a four year college course. It paid my school bills and enabled me to own an automobile while in college. It helped me to see a large part of the world without joining the navy.

I spent a year in tropical America as secretary to a large fruit company's chief engineer. I was in Florida one winter as secretary to a retired politician. I spent a summer in Europe on money I had saved over my junior year college expenses. Finally, stenography brought me to New York City where I have been continuously employed for more than eight years, in spite of losing two jobs to Old Man Depression.

How could I see fifteen years ago that a knowledge of shorthand was going to make living easier for me? I couldn't. No credit is due me for good judgment or foresight. I attended commercial school because two friends studied accounting there and I didn't want to be without companionship in the evenings. I had a lively aversion for any subject even suggesting arithmetic, so instead of taking the accounting course I entered the stenography classes.

After four months of none-too diligent study I looked for a job as stenographer. Almost immediately I found one taking sales letters from a blustery, wordy real estate operator who accepted me on my word that I was efficient. Then came two days of hopeless floundering with shorthand notes that I could not read, at the end of which I was unceremoniously fired.

The experience, though embarrassing, impressed me with the possibilities of the craft. Getting the job had been easy and the pay was more than I had

ever made, though I only drew two days of it. I went back to school and put in two more months of serious study and then landed a job with a large Chicago manufacturing company.

Ever since being graduated from high school two years earlier, I had wanted to enter college but couldn't take the step because I had no money. I saw now that my knowledge of shorthand would be an excellent substitute for a sponsor. Nearly every college professor has a student helper who is given his tuition and possibly more for acting secretary. Furthermore, considerable income can be made by typing papers for graduate students, and undergraduates too.

I left the manufacturing company and matriculated, but instead of a job as secretary to a university professor, I found full-time stenographic work beginning in the late afternoon and continuing until midnight. I attended classes all day and worked part of the night.

Financially, I felt so secure that I bought a car to travel to and from school, which was some distance from work. This was very pleasant, but at the end of the year progress toward a college degree was doubtful.

The long evening working hours had left little time for effective study and instead of a notice of passing grades and an invitation to continue, I received a polite but stern announcement that I would not be allowed to continue because of poor scholastic work.

I obtained admittance to another large university, however, in spite of the poor record transferred from the first school. Stenography still paid the way, but I was content to live in less sumptuous circumstances and apply more time to study and less to taking pot-hook notes.

This time I depended on free lance typing and acting as secretary to one of the school directors. There was always as much typing to be had as I could conveniently (or safely) care for. By cutting expenses to the bone and working between the second and third terms I had a large enough bank balance at the end of my junior year to make a two-months trip to Europe.

The Bachelor of Arts degree was awarded me early in the depression years. There were few jobs to be had and no commercial firms were making room for newly graduated university students. It soon became apparent that I should have to forget that I was college trained and hark back to my business school training to make a living.

Taking dictation from college professors and punctuating, correcting and typing freshmen papers had increased my stenographic efficiency so that I was able to find employment as secretary for a chief divisional engineer of a large tropical fruit company. A year on this job took me to Cuba, Honduras, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama and the island of Jamaica. The job was lost when an order came from the United States home office to cut expenses. I returned to the United States, entering at Miami, Florida, in the fall of the worst depression year the country has ever known.

I hoped to stay in Miami to spend the winter. Three weeks of very hard searching brought no results until I concentrated on hunting for a stenographic job. I found one the next week. I became secretary to a retired North Carolina politician who carried on voluminous correspondence with state and national officials throughout the country.

Knowledge of shorthand gave me the pleasure of "wintering in Florida."


In the Spring I registered with a national employment agency, listing as one of my qualifications ability to type and take rapid dictation. Within two weeks I received a telegram that a New York press bureau wanted a secretary who was "journalistically bent." Would I go to New York at my own risk and expense for an interview?

I was skeptical about my journalistic qualities, but I took the "risk and expense" and landed the job. A year later I was made office manager, and two years later when the depression finally caught up with the bureau, I was thrown out of a \$4,000 a year job. Another beginning as a stenographer followed in which the rise to a good income was almost as rapid. That too, was lost to economic readjustment.

And what am I doing now? Once more I'm using stenography as a wedge to begin the climb to a better job. I'm a stenographer with a large publishing company today and next year or the year following I'll still be with the publishing company but not as a stenographer. Male stenographers climb fast.

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



WISHBONES and BACKBONES

CHICKEN-HEARTED people have their wishbone where their backbone ought to be. To this class belongs the slothful slug-gard who "willeth and willeth not."—Prov. 13:14.

Of him the Holy Ghost says: "Fear (of hardships) casteth down the slothful: and the souls of the effeminate shall be hungry. The slothful hideth his hand under his armpit, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth. Desires kill the slothful: for his hands have refused to work at all."—Prov. 18:8; 19:24; 21:25.

Sloth is running true to form when it brings up the rear of the list of capital sins or tendencies to evil. It puts the brakes on the soul which, in the car of the body, should "go up on high." There is a devil in its spark plug. Sloth causes not merely the omission of much good, but, what is worse, the commission of much evil. Sloth paralyzes and corrupts all the powers of the soul and at the same time arouses all evil desires. In its stagnant waters a manner of evil creatures and spiritual rottenness breed.

The paralytic at the Pool of Bethesda is a type of sloth. For thirty-eight years he lay beside the pool that could have restored him to health because he had *no man* to help him into the water. His malady was not self-inflicted, hence Jesus said to him: "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk." To the slothful, who needs but a firm will (his *man*) to cure himself, Jesus also says: "Arise, leave your bed of idleness, and *work*." Clean the spark plug and get going, for Sloth Leads On To Hell.

"Arise... and walk."
St. John 5:8

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